REPORT *Monthly*

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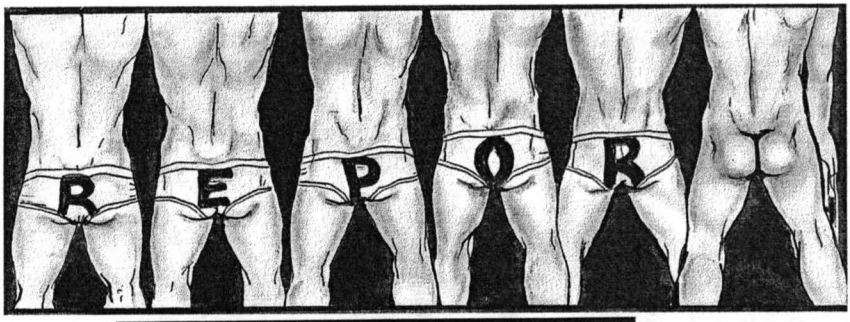
NEWS FIRST EXPERIENCES



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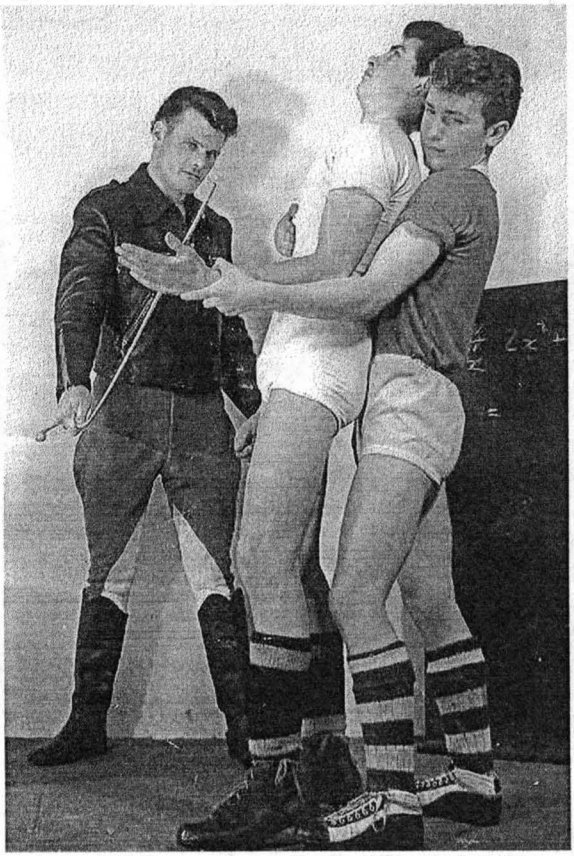

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Honour Amongst Thieves

By Paul Beston

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Jimmy Carpenter was an extremely contented soul as he sat in his snazzy red BMW on his usual street corner with the stereo blasting out his favourite sounds. Every few minutes a boy or girl would nervously walk up to his open car window and in an instant an exchange of cash and a small paper "wrap" would take place, both parties trying to scan the horizon at the same time as completing the exchange. Then in an instant they were gone and Jimmy at back and relaxed once again.

Jimmy Carpenter was, it has to be said, of below average intelligence, a fact borne out by his complete lack of anything resembling an education, indeed by fourteen years of age he was already absent from school nine out of ten days and making his first forays into a life of crime which today, at the age of eighteen he had made his full time career. At this stage of the game it appeared to be paying off handsomely for him too; he had the car, plenty of beer money and a nice flat on the other side of town, well away from the area that had been assigned to him by the drugs dealing consortium he worked for.

The gang had achieved total dominance of the drugs market in the town and the King Rat at the head of the whole local organisation was one Mike Parfitt, known by friend and foe alike simply as "The Governor". Parfitt was already a millionaire at the age of thirty and could afford to protect his operations with an effective blend of top legal representatives to help gang members evade prison if caught, and a well paid and for the most part loyal handful of vicious bodyguards who acted as enforcers when anyone got in the way of his profits.

A stocky late twenties skinhead thug calling himself "The Sergeant" was Parfitt's No.1 enforcer and it was he who dealt with dishonesty, double-dealing or worst of all "grassing" by those inside the organisation. Jimmy Carpenter was bound to get himself arrested sooner or later. He stupidly took unnecessary chances, took too much "stock" with him on each round, stayed too long in any one place and idiotically bragged openly about how he could afford his flashy car and so on.

A Drugs Squad sting operation one Monday morning netted young Jimmy and he spent the next two days being alternately grilled by detectives and left in his cell to consider grassing up the bigger fish the CID were more interested in. Dumb as he was, even Jimmy knew that to drop The Governor in it was tantamount to digging one's own grave and he said nothing and did nothing despite the pressure he was under from the Police. He put all his faith in the organisation and its reputation for looking after those it employed.

Sure enough, a few hours after he was arrested, a "company" solicitor arrived, followed over the next 48 hours by several more, all of whom conducted private discussions with the Chief Constable. Nobody knows exactly what was said by whom, but in two days, young Jimmy

Carpenter was handed back his boots, Levis and Fred Perry shirt and invited to dress himself, shedding the one piece white jumpsuit he had been made to wear whilst his own clothes went through analysis for terraces of narcotics. Escorted by his solicitor, he was, after a few paper signing formalities, released uncharged. He was amazed but very impressed with the gang's ability to defeat the Police on legal grounds whatever ins and outs this had entailed. Jimmy shook hands with the solicitor, who then walked off in the opposite direction. Jimmy started the long walk back across town to his flat. He expected his car to have been collected and taken to his home by the gang.

As he walked along, whistling contentedly to himself, he was taken completely by surprise as two thugs came swiftly up behind him, knocked him off his feet and pulled an old potato sack over his head. They threw him into the back of a windowless van and drove off at speed, his frightened banging on the sides of the van being ignored. Within three minutes they had pulled into a courtyard at the back of a factory building, the rear doors had been opened, and a frightened Jimmy emerged cautiously, the sack now removed from his head. The two thugs stood back and one of them merely said "calm Down Jimmy, its only that The Governor wants to see you, come with us up the fire escape stairs and he's waiting to chat with you up there".

Jimmy had no choice, he started climbing the stairs with his abductors close behind.

At the top he opened a door, then another and found Mike Parfitt sitting at a smart modern desk. He was on the phone but smiled and beckoned Jimmy to come right in and sit himself down. Jimmy relaxed a little, and sat waiting patiently.

Parfitt put the phone down and chatted amiably with Jimmy. Bit silly to take so many "wraps" with him in one go wasn't it? ...
.... Police treat him ok?..... did he tell them anything at all?.....
..... not to worry , all over now.....

Then suddenly the tone changed and Mike Parfitt's eyes seemed to turn to steel.
"The thing is Jimmy, we needed to be sure that the police wouldn't find anything incriminating in your apartment, so naturally we had our people go over it with a fine tooth comb first..... and guess what?!... we found these!!!!!"

Parfitt opened a desk drawer and produced two small black cash books and a tiny set of drugs weighing scales.

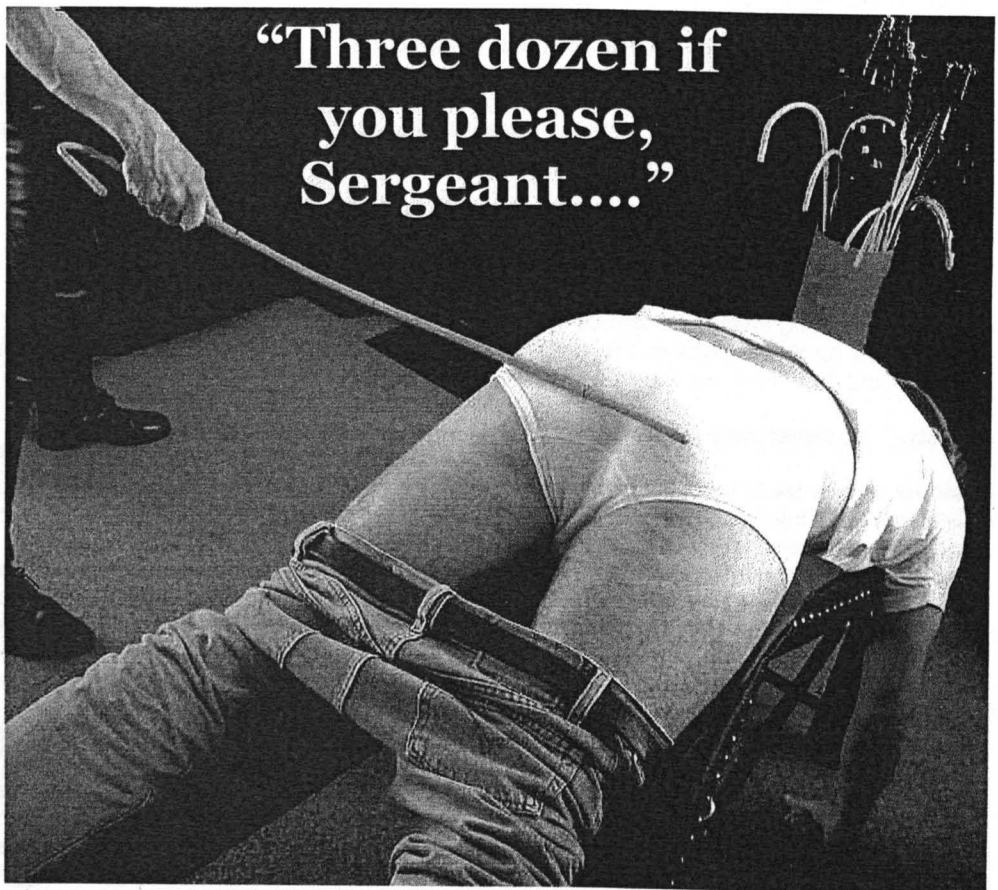
"You, you fuckin' thieving toe rag, have been going into business for yourself!!! After all I've done for you. You've been sneaking a little bit out of each and every wrap you sell for me, waiting till you have enough to make your own extra wraps and then selling it on for yourself!"

Parfitt seethed with rage as he accused the boy. Jimmy shook his head vigorously and dreaded his fate, for deny it as he might, this was exactly what he had been doing and his mind was racing with thoughts of his being encased in concrete with in the hour.

The shouted accusations stopped as suddenly as they had started.

"Please..." Jimmy whined.... I work hard for you Governor.... One more chance, I beg you..!"
"YOU are a very, very lucky boy young Jimmy. I am going to give you that second chance to work hard for me, and if you ever, EVER try to cheat me again I will make sure you live just long enough to regret it bitterly, do you understand?!" snarled Parfitt with a reptilian expression on his face. Jimmy nodded vigorously to show his understanding. He was off the hook! Phew!

"BUT...my cheating little chappie, first you need to be taught a lesson, you've been a very, very bad boy haven't you ... (more nodding from Jimmy) and bad boys need to be punished. Jimmy's face dropped.



"You know what to do lads, take him downstairs with you and I'll be down in a jiffy. See you down there Jimmy and once you've been punished we can all go back to work can't we?" Mike stated without giving any indication of what this punishment might be. He was capable of almost anything. What Jimmy could not have known was that although married, Mike Parfitt had a well hidden bi-sexual side to his personality and it was Jimmy's rugged good looks more than his honesty that had made The Governor decide against doing anything lethal to the boy. However Parfitt did not want to bed the boy, his tastes lay in another direction altogether, as Jimmy Carpenter was now mere minutes from discovering.

Jimmy was led into the main factory floor space downstairs. It had once housed hundreds of busy sewing machines running up cheap frocks for the rag trade, but Parfitt had long since closed that business down and used the building as a headquarters and warehousing facility. The place was empty and dark but with the throwing of one main light switch, it was

ablaze with light. Then Jimmy saw a dozen or more of his fellow gang members standing around, slouching against walls, sitting on old packing cases and so on. They had all been told why they were here and why Jimmy was here. As Jimmy was nudged to move further into the centre of the room, he heard so-called colleagues mutter or call over remarks such as "shouldn't have done it Jim boy", "Only yerself to blame".

As he reached the centre of the floor space, one of his escorts reached for a huge yellow rubber control box hanging from the ceiling by a thick cable.
He pressed two of the green buttons on it and four thick strong steel chains started to slowly and almost silently descend from above. They had steel rings set in the ends of each chain and attached to each ring was a thick canvas webbing strap. When these rings and straps were at floor level the mechanism was stopped.

The second escort then spoke.

"Ok Jimmy... get yer kit off, you're gonna take yer punishment now".

It was a frightening instruction to receive. Even Jimmy could figure out that he was about to get secured by these rings to the chains and he also realised that he was likely to be elevated and then have something unpleasant done to him .

"No way," he instinctively responded.

Then he looked on in terror as one of his escorts casually opened his bomber jacket and pulled one side back to reveal a pistol tucked into the waistband of his jeans. He went to reach for the handle.
"Ok, Ok!!!" a terrified Jimmy called out as he went into a frenzy of undressing himself. His shirt was off in seconds, his boots and socks kicked off and away moments later. He looked over once again at his escorts. That hand was still on the gun handle. That settled it, He unfastened his jeans and hopping around clumsily he got them down then off. This was definitely no time to irritate his captors and so his underwear followed without further argument. He ignored the sniggers and jeers as he stood there naked and helpless. In truth he had a nice athletic body; 5'8" tall, smooth, and attractive, though rather pale. His legs started to tremble involuntarily as he tried to hide his very real fear of what came next. Following further orders he lay face down on the cold dirty factory floor and stayed still as his ankles and wrists were each secured to a steel ring. Then the control box was used to winch him up off the ground. His feet were raised only about two feet, but his hands were raised nearly four feet high, then a second motor moved his hands further away from his feet, in effect leaving him suspended at a diagonal.

As a final touch the two escorts carried a nine inch diameter six foot long pole into the room. They stood well to either side of the boy and slid the pole under him, holding it so that he was forced to bend a little at the waist. He was ready. On cue, a door opened and the No 1 enforcer for Parfitt, "The Sergeant" entered. He was carrying a large tube.

He went straight to a small table, opened the tube and extracted from it a wickedly supple forty inch long , three eights of an inch wide rattan cane. It had a thick rubber handle and The Sergeant flexed it purposefully between his powerful forearms.

"Oh no! Please!..... Don't!" squealed Jimmy, now aware that he to receive a beating, and doubtless a harsh one at that. The Sergeant walked over, reached into his back pocket and

produced a gag. He forced it into the boy's mouth. The back door opened...it was Parfitt. He walked in and sat himself down at the one and only chair on the premises. He casually produced and lit a cigarette before addressing the gathering.

"This, gentlemen is what happens to greedy, dishonest little boys. Three dozen if you please Sergeant!"

And with that, as Jimmy struggled in vain and tried to call out for mercy through his gag, The cane was raised high and without further delay lashed down hard across Jimmy's pale perspiring buttocks. The shriek was muffled but the chains clanked noisily as his entire body jerked as the pain registered. Once the jerking had ceased the second stroke was delivered, again hard, hard as hell. And so the pattern was set, by the time two dozen such strokes had seared the white buttocks they were well and truly welted. A stroke crossing an earlier welt producing particularly heartfelt shrieks of anguish from the now well-thrashed victim. Never-the-less, three dozen strokes had been ordered and The Governor was never disobeyed, especially by his No.1 enforcer. Oblivious or indifferent to the boy's torment, he raised the cane again, again and again until thirty-six strokes had lashed the poor boy into total submission.

Parfitt remained silent throughout, but he looked on intensely, not looking away for a single stroke. He was transfixed if truth be known. On a nod from him, the original two escorts removed the pole which had kept the boy's buttocks nicely thrust out for the caning. Then one of them produced a bucket of very cold water and threw it across the half stunned boys naked body. Jimmy came back to full consciousness with a jolt, and groaned as the extent of the aching and throbbing in his well-caned backside became all too apparent to him. All eyes were on Parfitt, it was he and he alone who would decide if Jimmy had suffered enough.

Perhaps if he found Jimmy less attractive he might even have relented, but he was awe-struck by the sight and sounds of the thrashing hat had taken place and lust as well as a well developed mean streak meant that the second and final part of poor Jimmy's punishment would indeed take place. The Sergeant had already been told what Parfitt might want and one signal from Mike would make it happen.

On receiving that signal, the enforcer went to his tube, put away his cane but to gasps of astonishment from the witnesses, he produced a cat o nine tails. Jimmy looked up, realising from the gasps of others that something further was about to befall him. He didn't see the whip, perhaps it was better that he did not. In mere seconds the enforcer had removed his shirt, carefully separated the tangled nine tails of his whip and was busily twirling it above his head to get the tails up to speed.

Whoooosh! Crack!

The tails bit across the welted buttocks cruelly, delivering a series of intense sharp stings.

Muffled moans from Jimmy but in truth before half the allocated twenty-four lashes of the whip he was only half aware of where he was and of each fresh lash as it bit down. Strokes thirteen to eighteen were delivered across the boy's shoulders , tracing thin red lines across both shoulder blades and tormenting an as yet unscathed region of his restrained body. And finally, the last set of six lashes were administered fast and hard to ... those flinching swollen buttocks.

Everybody but the two escorts left the building at that stage. Parfitt, The Sergeant, all witnesses, gone. It was left to the escorts to untie Jimmy, help him to his feet and throw him a towel to dry himself off. There was no soothing treatment offered for his well whipped and beaten backside, it was intended that pain or no pain, he dress himself and leave with no sympathy offered either.

"Sorry mate, Governor's orders," one of the skinheads offered as a peace offering. Jimmy ignored it, these guys had played an important role in getting him flogged even if they weren't the actual one to deliver the blows. He owed them. Jimmy winced as he got his jeans back on; he had stuffed his underwear into his pocket, only concerned at getting safely home and to bed to recover from his ordeal.

As Parfitt and his Sergeant parted company outside the building, the enforcer handed his boss a cassette tape and departed.

That night, in a palatial home on a private estate, Mrs Parfitt had gone out on a hen night with her friends, with her husband footing the bill of course. She would stay in a hotel that night rather than drive back after a heavy drinking session. Just as Parfitt had intended.

Mike Parfitt got himself ready for bed rather earlier than usual. He locked up the house, dismissed his driver, and went up to his bedroom suite. He entered the walk-in wardrobe room off the bedroom and slowly and carefully removed his designer suit and hung it up, then he removed his silk shirt and his socks. Wearing only his Rolex, a twenty-four carat neck chain and a pair of expensive and high cut black silk boxer shorts, Mike made his way to the bedroom and lat down on the bed. He reached over to the bedside table and picked up the cassette that he had been handed earlier. He dropped it into the cassette player built into his radio alarm clock and lay back contentedly. As he ran his hand self-admiringly over the crotch of his shorts the first sound he heard was his own voice....

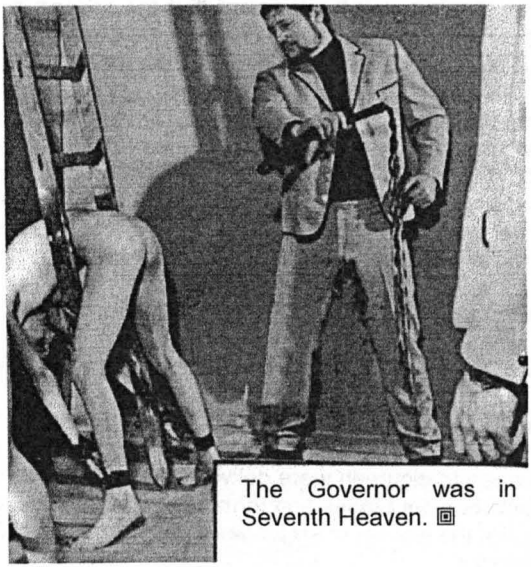
"This, gentlemen is what happens to greedy, dishonest little boys!"

During the following pause Mike slipped his boxer shorts gently down on to his thighs, he was even more aroused than he had been when watching the boy's thrashing. He stroked himself erotically as he anticipated those first exquisite sounds of the rod and the buttocks receiving it.

Thwackkkk!

The muffled shriek, the memory of those tormented, dancing buttocks.....

Thwackkk !



The Governor was in Seventh Heaven. ▣

Comics by Franco

Neil's Newsdesk

Issue 104 reportmonthly@hotmail.com May 2001

High School Pupils Publicly Thrashed

In early April, eight High School pupils attending a school near Medina in Saudi Arabia attacked several of their teachers after one of the teachers had insulted a student by referring to him as a "barbarian". The school and the State's response to this pupil rebellion and assault pupils was swift and harsh. The eight boys were sentenced to no less than forty strokes each, the beatings were also to be administered publicly. The teacher who made the remark had only minor cuts and bruises after the assault. o details have been given as to the condition of the flogged pupil's buttocks after their 40 lashes.

Men of Thailand like to be Spanked

Well all right then, not *every* man in Thailand finds the thought of bending over to have his bare bottom punished erotic, but..... a recent survey into the sexual attitudes and practices of people from all the major far-eastern countries (carried out by the Bangkok Post newspaper) has produced this very surprising result regarding Thai men and Spanking. Of course it has to be said that the survey did not ask whether these men liked to be spanked by males or females but as a general guide the figure is still remarkable.
The actual percentage of Thai men who admitted a liking for being spanked was a staggering 37% !

Now I'm, sure some of you, like myself, have been to Thailand and in the major tourist resorts sex is very much available in on first glance every taste appears to be well catered for, from young ladies who play ping pong without the use of bats (!) to attractive young men who are more than happy to get intimate for the price of a pair of Levis or less.

However, take it from one who tried on numerous occasions, it was not easy to find guys ready and willing to be spanked. In fact it was downright impossible in my experience. Armed with the knowledge that over a third of all the Thai men interviewed had a liking for receiving a spanking (and add to that an unknown number who might enjoy dishing one out) and Thailand is right back at the top of my vacation list once again.

By contrast, a mere 2% of men in Hong Kong expressed a taste for being spanked.

Thais were also far and away the most gay-friendly people in the Orient. No big surprise there. If any readers have enjoyed far more success in the CP department with Thai or other overseas guys, please do inform the Newsdesk. Your anonymity is assured but it might be fun to compile a tourist guide of our own!

UK's SM Pride Festival: Schedule of Events

I know it's still three months away chaps but the Newsdesk is always getting pleas for longer notice of CP events so this time we're taking no chances.

The 9th Annual SM Pride March and associated events take place on 21st and 22nd of July 2001.

Assembly for the parade/march is around 11am in Whitehall. The so called "pervfest" then takes place at 12 noon until 6pm at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London. This will include stalls selling bdsm related merchandise, demonstrations, workshops etc.

At 9pm there is a barbeque at The Deptford Tavern, New Cross Gate, and at 9pm the infamous SM Pride Ball begins. It goes on until 4pm, and with the exception of nazi paraphernalia there will be no dress restrictions of any kind (so yes, school kit, dungeon flogger outfits, and so on are all very welcome indeed). The Ball takes Place at The Deptford Tavern and a private walled garden, dance floor and ominously named "play areas" will be on offer.

Details of entrance fees to the Ball are not yet available, but we'll keep you posted.

(Neil rushes home to run up something in red vinyl on the Singer in time for the Ball).

Cocoa Slave-Boys of West Africa Routinely Thrashed

Press and television reports have been pouring in this month about the plight of young boys in West African countries such as Benin and the Ivory Coast.

Sold for as little as £200 by desperately poor parents, these boys, often as young as eight or nine, are sold into what amounts to a 21st century slave trade. They are shipped to the cocoa producing regions where they are worked hard and long to provide cheap raw ingredients for the developed world's insatiable appetite for chocolate. The slave-like status of these boys has been known for some time, and there have been eye witness reports of incarceration and regular canings and whippings for boys who do not achieve the required levels of production.
One television programme last year which interviewed several late teenage boys who had made a rare successful escape from a slave camp, each boy told of not just routine beatings to make them work harder, but of prolonged and savage floggings for those who attempted escape and were caught. Whilst the manager of the camp predictably denied any involvement in whippings, the boys readily removed their shirts to show permanent cross-hatching from floggings they had endured. It was quite clear that their entire bodies were whipped on such occasions.

This month's coverage has centred around a ship allegedly carrying 180 such child slaves. The ship was denied access to ports along the West African coast as rumours spread of its illegal human cargo, but when it finally managed to get into a port there was no trace of any child slaves, prompting as yet unproved suspicions that the ruthless men behind the trafficking of these cocoa slaves had resorted to throwing this consignment of 180 souls

overboard to drown rather than risk landing them ashore with the world's media on the scene.
Pressure is now being put very firmly on the likes of Cadbury-Schweppes, Nestle, and others to take a more active involvement in the living conditions of those who provide this country with the cocoa needed for our cheap confectionary.

(*A rare tone of mortal indignation please note! Neil*)

Help

Although we stopped doing personal ads quite a few issues ago we've have just received this plea for help from a new subscriber....
Dick has just returned after several years working abroad. He contacted us as he'd like to meet up with other CP enthusiasts to explore all disciplines, give and take, school to boot camp and is very interested in joining or starting a CP school. He's a versatile, midlife naughty boy, medium build, fit, shaved body and cropped hair. Anyone interested in contacting him should write to us at the magazine and we'll forward letters on.
Hopefully we'll be able to help. So get writing guys.

Report Monthly: New feature

We know from your letters that our First Experiences series where readers describe their earliest, often childhood, accounts of getting their behind's tanned is extremely popular.
Well, starting next month, we will be featuring a new series where readers get the chance to tell the rest of us about a particularly effective or impressive spanking or thrashing session they have received in the present day. Indeed the more recent the better; what we are really keen to publish are accounts of discipline written virtually whilst the "embers" of a blazing bottom are still glowing.
The June issue will open the series with a contribution from a new reader. He made his offer of a written account before he has even received the punishment, now there's enthusiasm for you! His tale (of woe?) will appear next month under the working title "Swish of the Day"
We know from this reader the judicial nature of his immanent hiding and we can't wait to hear what took place from his viewpoint.
Of course we'd welcome accounts of all manner of correction and we know how much other readers enjoy hearing about genuine experiences so whether it be a damn good spanking round at your favourite stern Uncle's place, or time spent in the Headmasters Study, don't keep all those exciting details to your self, tell us all about it.

"Swish of the Day" will appear in the magazine at regular intervals and contributions should be sent to us at the usual address. Names of people, and even towns can be changed to preserve anonymity of course but please give genuine accurate accounts of what happened. We already have regular spots for all manner of fiction, this new feature is for those who want to get it off their chest or shout from the rooftops that they have just been well and truly spanked.

Until next month playmates, have fun. I know I will!

Neil

First Experiences

I vividly recall the treatment meted out to my buttocks whilst I was a young man growing up. My father was most definitely a master of spanking. Though in later life I received many thrashings at the hands of others, the spanking sessions I received from my father were truly memorable. Many a night I would lie in a fearful state, just waiting for Dad to climb the stairs and make his grand entrance into my bedroom.

Without a word he'd hoist me out of bed and over his lap. Sometimes he carefully framed my bottom with the pulled down pyjama trousers. Other times the pyjamas would come right off to assure there would be no obstacles to his spanking hand. And boy oh boy, what spankings I received. I howled, kicked my legs, and pounded my fists against the mattress. All to no avail. I had obviously been naughty in his eyes and as a result the punishment must go on. Spank after spank rained down on my backside. I always received at least a hundred good hard spanks. Sometimes I lost count and checked the clock to see how long it had taken this time. I think he always liked to beat his record.

Well, the all time record came one fateful occasion when I was having a home study day. I was a nosey brat and taking a break from my work decided to have a look around Dad's study. Suddenly from nowhere Dad was there. There and then he grabbed me by the neck, pulled me over his lap and in a couple of deft moves pulled my trousers and pants right off and belaboured my buttocks with one of his soundest spankings yet. 'You naughty brat.... Take this! ..and that!...and there's another!...and another! Bad..bad..bad boy! How dare you go prying into my Study!.. he scolded between spanks. The spanking seemed to go on for an eternity but I guess I did deserve it. I was lifted up to my bedroom, getting spanked all the way there and was told in no uncertain terms that I was to be taught a real lesson the next day!

At first I thought how lucky I was not to be going to school the next day. Because of last night's punishment I had missed doing vital homework and would have received another sound beating over the teacher's desk! Well I guess boy's don't have much luck...I was about to find out how little luck very soon!

Obviously, the first thing on daddy's mind that morning was the punishment of my bottom. He'd taken the day off work just to deal with me and I guess that made me feel kind of important. I heard his alarm clock go off at 8am and almost immediately he was sitting on the edge of my bed. I knew I was about to receive a series of really hard spankings this day and I knew my bottom would be really smarting by the evening but at that moment I was overwhelmed with intense desire. I knew that these thrashings were an expression of his true love for me.

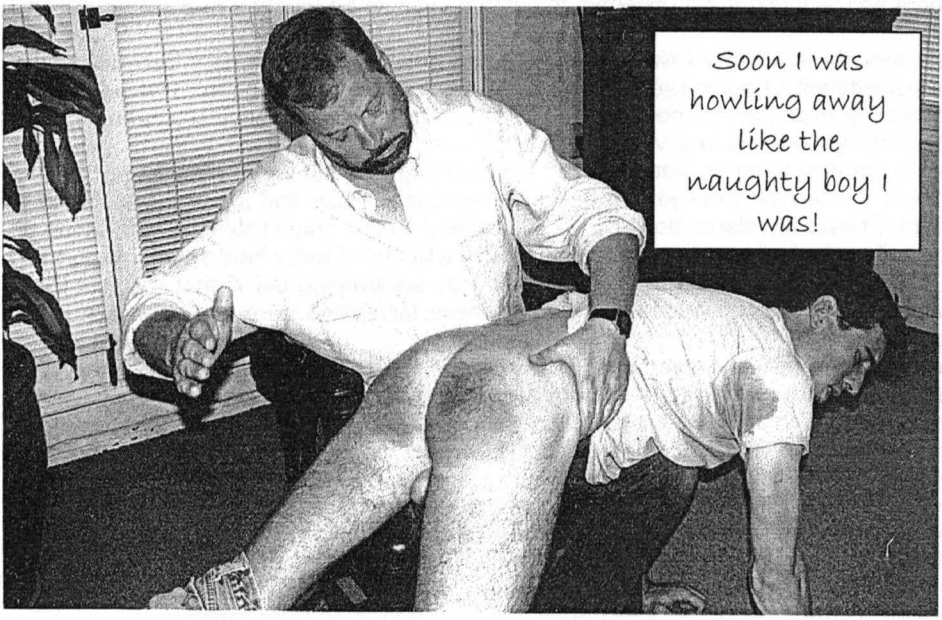
Suddenly, I found myself draped comfortably across his lap. He carefully undid my pyjama trousers and slowly removed them obviously savouring the sight of my unchastened buttocks. The first smack couldn't have come sooner. I was so overwhelmed that I cried out an exasperated, 'Oh sir!' He started off quite slow and deliberate, turning one buttock nice and rosy before he started on the next. I continued, 'Oh sir!....Oh sir!', in rhythym to the spanks. Gradually, after perhaps twenty minutes of this particular spanking technique he started to increase the frequency of smacks. He concentrated on spanking both buttocks simultaneously in a more traditional spanking method. Soon I was howling away like the naughty boy I was! I know that part of me wanted the spanking to go on and on forever but another part of me was quite relieved when he stopped for a cigarette break.

As he puffed away on his cigarette, I noticed that the clock hadn't quite reached nine yet. My poor bottom was only at the beginning of its chastisement! Suddenly, I was hoisted off the bed and dragged through to his bedroom. He sat down on a stool and draped me over his knees once again. He applied cool moisturising cream to my hot backside. I was so grateful for that!
The second part of my spanking was about to start!
He obviously wanted to try various different spanking positions for this time he stood up, raised one foot upon a low stool and positioned me across his outstretched knee. Once again I found my bottom at the receiving end of a sound thrashing. I caught sight of us in the mirror and I could see how well-beaten my bottom was! This was certainly turning into a most eventful day!

Next, he demanded that I put my school uniform on. Since I should have been at school that day it was only fitting that I should at least dress the part. It was at least a change from the total nakedness I had been experiencing in Dad's bedroom. There didn't seem much point in putting my grey flannel trousers on.....they would be down soon enough anyway! Dad carefully watched as I dressed.

He told me to bend over and touch my toes in the traditional caning position. He drew out a long thin whippy cane from the schoolmaster's style desk he had in his study. He stood behind me and told me to keep my position or else. I took my caning well. After forty good whacks he repositioned me over the school desk with my bottom sticking right out and continued caning away.

I certainly learnt my lesson on that occasion and despite my all too frequent promises to be better behaved and to do as I was told it wasn't long however, before I transgressed and once again Dad was teaching me the error of my ways with my backside over his lap and me howling how sorry I was. ⊙



THE BEST OF TIMES THE WORST OF TIMES

For the novelist Wilbur Smith, 68, life changed abruptly from idyllic to horrid when he was trapped in a draconian boarding school. An interview published in The Telegraph. The photo however is from our archives. For as much as The Telegraph is all hang 'em and flog'em I don't think even they'd print an actual caning picture – more's the pity.

I was born at Broken Hill in Northern Rhodesia, almost on the Congo border. It was beautiful country. My father had his own ranch, and I lived a little boy's dream, with horses and dogs and shooting, first with the slingshot and then with a 2.2 rifle, riding out among herds of game, bird-nesting and swimming in the river.

It was just a lovely place for a boy to grow up. Mum was a huge influence in my life, a gentle person who loved music and painting and reading, and instilled in me the love of the written word. She was the tempering influence in the family, because my dad, although I loved him dearly, \vas a Victorian father who believed in "Spare the rod and spoil the child" and "Little boys should be seen and not heard" and all those truisms

One day, my great pal from the neighbouring ranch told me, proudly: "I'm going to boarding school." This seemed to be the most desirable thing anyone could possibly want. I went home and said to the family: "I want to go to boarding school like Aiwyn." My mother burst into tears, and my father said: "I think that's a bloody good idea" And I went off the next term. I talked myself right into it. I knew nothing. I was living in paradise already. Michaelhouse was a two-day train trip to South Africa, and because it was so faraway, and the journey was so irksome and long, we only got home at Christmas. So the rest of the time we were little orphans living in a hostile environment, and for me school laws just awful. Because it was in the foothills of the Drakensberg mountains, the winters were freezing cold, and we never seemed to have enough blankets on the bed. We had to get up at some terrible hour of the morning when it was still dark, to have a shower, and the limited amount of hot water was reserved for the seniors. Us little guys had to dash into this dribble of icy water and come out blue on the other side. Having been virtually the only one of importance in my home environment, the apple of my mother's eye and the young laird of the estate, to be the lowest of the low was a difficult thing. They used to call us eight-year-olds *kaks,* which is Afrikaans for 'turds'. We little *kaks* were nothing in the scheme of things. We had to fag; we were stood in a line at the beginning of term, and it was rather like a slave market, as the prefects walked up and down and made their selection. Chick Henderson chose me. I had to clean his shoes and iron his clothes, and in the early morning I had to sit on the lavatory to warm the seat for him. He treated me with lordly disdain, but he never treated me unfairly. Bullying was rampant throughout the school, not only by the senior boys, but also by the boys who had been *kaks* the year before. And when my contemporaries started to do the same to the influx of kids, I tried to stop them., and they turned on me. I was a very suitable target, as I didn't fit into the system very well.

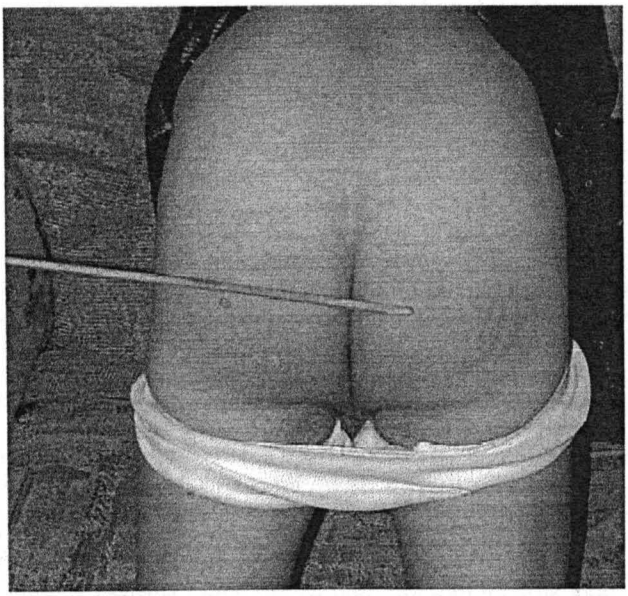
The heroes at this school were the sportsmen, and I wasn't good at: hitting balls with bats. So I was very much a loner, and I was miserable, except when I had a book in my hands. So instead of going down to nets or hitting tennis balls, used to read endlessly. I'd hide under a tree with a book, which, of course, made them pick on me even more. We had quite a good library, and I started on the top shelf, left-hand corner, and read from left to right straight through, and by the time I finished school I had read virtually all the books. *You* couldn't tell anyone you were unhappy: complaining was considered to be unmanly,

so you just had to tough it out. Besides, telling my old man would have been useless because he would have just said, well, that's the way the system works. But I remember the first time I came back for the holidays, my mother came into the bathroom when I was bathing, and she saw my backside, which .was all shades of purple, blue and plum from. all the beatings I had taken, and she was distraught. I remember her saying: "I'm going to see the headmaster immediately" I pleaded with her: "Mother, you can't do that. You don't understand. If you complain to the headmaster, he will call in the prefects and I will be marked as a squealer and a blubberer."

So for 10 years we had a pact of silence about all that. You got beaten for nearly any offence. You were at the mercy of the prefects. The terrible thing about the beatings was that you didn't get them at the time of the offence beatings were on a Saturday night, and they accumulated. So if you whispered in church on Sunday and were late for roll call on Tuesday and toughed your cutlery before grace on Thursday, you would sit in the prep room on Saturday evenings and then be called up to the prefects' room. You'd get your beating for the first offence, go back and be called again for the next offence, and a separate bearing, and you might have four beatings on the same evening. So when the last set of strokes was laid on the bruises of the first ones, it really was very painful. You would have to thank the prefects for the beating before they would dismiss you. You were not allowed to "whimper or rub your backside in front of the prefects, although you could rub like hell once you got outside the room.

I learnt to accept punishment and pain quite stoically. It was, in a way, a badge of toughness to be able to withstand a beating without whimpering. But I certainly was very, very miserable at the time I have driven past the school once or twice since I left, and it is like driving past a haunted house. I have no desire to go in. Now, of course, I get endless requests for funds for the old school, and I have great pleasure in turning them down. And they ask me to go and talk to the boys, and I refuse that too. I explained to them that it's because my time at their school was the worst time I've ever had in my life. ▣

My Mother saw my backside, which was all shades of purple from the beatings I'd taken.



The Discipline Files

Another in our ongoing series of articles that first appeared in the Canadian magazine *Justice Weekly.*

This Month: The Whip-Master Part 1

For some time now I have wanted to write you a letter which would give you the other side of corporal punishment as the great majority of the letter so far have been from recipients. I regard myself as one who specializes in giving not receiving and you could very well call this letter 'confessions of a whip-Master'.

My initiation began as a boy of twelve. Although a Canadian, my father was transferred to the London, England, office of his firm and I spent my teenage years in an English Public School. Anyone who is acquainted with these establishments is aware of the emphasis placed on CP. At that time a 'Junior' was subject to four sets of authority, monitors, the prefects, the Housemasters and of course the Headmaster. A monitor could swish a younger boy with a classroom tawse, usually under the supervision of a Master, a maximum of six strokes for some classroom misdemeanours. A prefect could cane either in public or in the privacy of his study if he wished without reference to a Master. Theoretically his punishments were subjected to review by a Housemaster if the culprit wished to complain but such complaints usually resulted in a second punishment from the Housemaster this time with a birch. The Headmaster would either use the cane or the birch depending on the misdemeanour.

Perhaps because I was a colonial I was placed in a class about two years younger than myself and assigned to fag for a prefect who was regarded as the school bully. Fagging was the system where a junior was required to wait on a particular older boy, running his errands, shining his shoes and running his bath etc.

My fag-master used his authority with relish. Every day I was required to run his bath, soap and dry him, prepare some of his lessons, read aloud filthy books to him and give him all my spending money.

In return for this I was subjected to liberal doses of the cane administered on my bare buttocks.

I put up with it as long as I could but things only got worse. After a particularly severe caning one day, I got up from bed (I was always caned nude, bending over the end of my fag-master's bed) and turning on my tormentor gave him a good uppercut that sent him reeling to the floor. Although younger I was a very big boy for my age and well muscled.

Of course such an act was likely to get me a flogging from the Head himself and I knew my fag-master would report me. But he had other ideas. Instead of taking me to the Head, he called a meeting of the prefect's committee, six boys all from the upper school. Between them they decided to deal with me. All six prefects agreed to cane me, each giving me a dozen strokes, thereby keeping within the maximum considered proper for each. A total of seventy-two strokes, on legs and buttocks already sore from repeated punishments.

I am proud to say I bore it without a murmur, although my tears coursed silently down my cheeks almost from the start.

As a result of this experience I became very bitter throughout my schooldays but resolved not to complain, as I did not want to be considered a coward that I certainly would have been.

After the first year, the prefect who made me suffer so much went on to another school and things were not so bad, though I still resented the system.
At last the time came when, at sixteen, I was entitled to have a fag of my own and all the privileges that went with being a prefect. I selected for my fag a well-built English boy to whom I had taken a liking. I treated him extremely well, using almost no discipline on him. As a result, he became rather arrogant and began causing trouble to the school.
One of the masters advised me to take him in hand. Almost regretfully, I did. I warned him one morning to report to me that evening for the cane. He came, just as arrogant as ever.
When I bent him over the arm of my chair I saw the reason for his carefree manner. He had soaked the seat of his shorts in resin, a schoolboy trick making them almost cane-proof. Very angry, I ordered him to strip. After the first stroke, I felt my temperature rise. I began to sweat. Stroke after stroke I administered. The memory of all I had suffered came back to me. Why should a decent lad have to suffer in silence while arrogant brats got away scot-free?
The punishment went far beyond the bounds intended or required, until my young fag stood naked before me blubbing and begging for mercy. Suddenly I felt a wave of relief sweep over me. I was quits with the world at last. With a laugh I told my fag to go giving him a parting smack on his bottom. I may say he became the best fag I ever had.
I though I was quits with the world. But I wasn't. About three weeks after this event I took my young fag to the bathroom, he was to give me a rub down after a soccer game. During my bath I joked with the lad that all the signs of his recent punishment seemed to have vanished. He endeavoured to conceal the subject of my interest but I seized him and smacked him playfully on his rump. I felt strangely stimulated.
After that I was haunted by an idea like an obsession. I had to flog that boy again! Almost against my will I began looking for excuses. I checked over his homework, actually one of my duties but something I had never done before.
I found mistakes and examples of cheating. I taxed him with it, determined to be lenient. The poor boy, frightened after his last experience started pleading with me not to flog him.
That did it. In a trice the boy's shorts were off, his bare bottom positioned over a pillow on the bed, another pillow flung over his head with my foot on it to deaden his cries.
I struck his backside several time with my hand. How good it felt! Then I grabbed my cane and finished the job soundly.
After that my resolve weakened and I embarked on a career of petty indulgence of my obsession. I rarely pushed my desires to excess, but in order to prevent these feelings from building up within me, I expended them rather over an increasing number of young victims.
No longer satisfied with subjecting my fag alone to my will, I cast my eyes over the whole lower school, selecting a boy here and a boy there, usually well-built and attractive and nailed him on real or trumped up charges. A succession of these handsome lads visited my study and left with the imprint of my hand and cane on their bottoms.

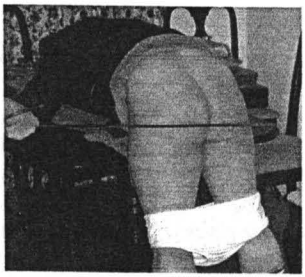
But no one thought I was doing anything other than my duty. Indeed others went further – as well I knew from my own experiences. In the following years I got away from these thought although they lurked in my subconscious. Returning to Canada I was four years at University during when I became an expert at hazing undergraduates I married and settled down to a job in Toronto. Then came the war. I was twenty three.

Next month: War experiences, Karl the German and prisoners of war.

First Published in *Justice Weekly* December 1969

Moments In CP History - 29

The Time: 1967
The Place: London



THE CANING VICAR

Our Man at St Mark's Whacks 'Em

A REAL-LIFE man at St. Mark's is helping parents out ... by caning naughty children.
People call at the Rev. Donald Pateman's vicarage at Dalston in the East End and say: "We want you to give our son a good caning, vicar."
And the vicar obliges.
Yesterday, 52-year-old Mr. Pateman explained:
"I believe in short, sharp punishment. So do the boys who attend my church.
"We have a system of detention, but the boys often come to me and say: 'Can't I have a bender instead sir?'
"They prefer the cane. They get it over with and they are then perfectly happy."
About 250 children attend Mr. Pateman's church, St. Mark with St. Bartholomew, and he uses his cane "not more than twice a week."
The vicar added: "I do not think I would attempt this caning in a parish outside the East End, where they are tough, but where they respond to discipline."

Refused

"In twenty years in the East End I have never known a child resent being caned.
"The greatest punishment a child can have is to be refused permission to come to church, not to be caned."
More of Mr. Pateman's views on caning are set out in the current issue of his parish magazine.
Commenting on the order to close Court Lees School after reports of excessive caning there, he writes:
"For several years the office of Home Secretary of this State has been occupied by old maids of the male sex. Perhaps we have never had such a purring old tabby as the present Home Secretary, Roy Harris Jenkins."
The article says that the boys punished are given "a hander or two from the vicar's cane," and speaks of "the great benefits to be derived by naughty boys from a walloping kindly yet firmly administered."
What sort of offences bring down a caning on the culprits?
The magazine says: "The children are not thugs, but ordinary, healthy, naughty little perishers who drop a stink bomb at choir practice and 'accidentally' drop a spud gun which goes off and hits someone in the eye."
Mr. Pateman describes his church as "Victorian in architecture, Victorian in outlook."
Other examples of his "Victorian" outlook:
He once threatened to work to rule, if asked to marry striking busmen, by banning bells, choir and organ. And too-short mini-skirts are banned from his vicarage.

Our thanks to Colin Farrell's Research Website

Recollections From School

Caned for truancy

This is a true story. The year is 1964. The place is a boy's only grammar school on the east coast of England. The scene shows me sat uncomfortably outside the Head's office reflecting on why I am sitting here.

A few days earlier myself and a number of other boys played truant to go and watch our local team in an afternoon football match. It all passes without incident and the only thing that goes wrong is that our team lost 3 -1. We returned home expecting our absences to have gone unnoticed. They would have except for the unplanned fire drill which involved having the register taken. We'd been rumbled.

My mother asks what sort of day I'd had and I start to get a little nervous because my mum doesn't usually take such an interest. I start to make up a story but within thirty seconds my mother says 'stop'. She adds that she thinks I have not been doing schoolwork but have been skiving off school that afternoon. At this stage I realise that somehow my mum knows about our trip so I start to apologise. She again stops my statement and tells me that I am to report to the Head's study at 9am the following morning when I will have to explain my actions. At this point I get very nervous since I know that any such visits to the Heads study end up with the 'visitor' receiving the cane.

I spent a restless night and when the morning came I get ready for school. My mum says here is your PE kit. I tell her that I don't have PE today but my mum says that she thinks I will definitely need it.

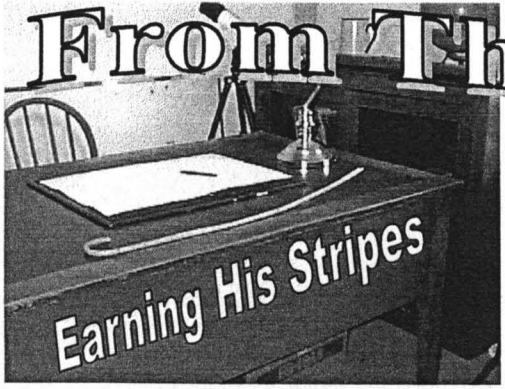
Outside the Head's study myself and all the other boys involved are waiting in anxious anticipation. The Heads secretary invites us all inside. For the next fifteen minutes or so a debate takes place on our truancy the end of which results in the Head telling us that we are all to be caned rather than suspended or expelled. I am to be caned last and am to receive a greater punishment than the others since it was me who was the ringleader.
We all go back outside the Heads study and wait nervously for our fate. Within seconds the first boy is called back in. The room goes silent for a few moments and then suddenly we hear 'thwack' followed by a yelp. Within seconds there is another 'thwack' followed by a louder yell. This is then repeated one more time after which the room goes quiet. A couple of minutes later the boy leaves the room rubbing his backside and clearly in pain.
This process is then repeated six more times and all the boys emerge from that room in serious pain. It is now my turn. The Head starts to say to me that since I was the leader of the group that I should be given a more severe punishment than the other boys. I attempt to get out of this but am again told to be quiet. The Head states that since I am here in these circumstances then all that I am to do is accept the caning that I am about to get. I decide at this point to say nothing but do resign myself to the fact that I am about to be thrashed.
Any assumption I may have had that the caning will be three strokes quickly disappear. I am told that since I arranged the truancy it is also therefore my fault that all my 'mates' have had to have a caning. He goes on to say that I shall receive 'six of the best' across my backside with me dressed in PE kit. This really starts to make me panic since PE kit means that I will be wearing a thin pair of white shorts and nothing else. This panic lasts for only a few

seconds since I am ordered to go into the small room off the Heads room and to change into my PE kit. This I reluctantly do and return a few minutes later feeling very vulnerable dressed in only these shorts. The Head orders me to put my hands on my head
I then have to listen to boring statements about how serious my offence is and how this will impact on my schooling. I am then told to go to his cabinet I do as told and see three canes hung on hooks on the inside of the door. I am told to select one of these canes and to bring it to the Head. I select the one that is the thinnest whilst not being sure whether or not this will be less painful when it strikes my backside. Over the next years I repeat this process and select different canes whenever I am given the choice. My summary of this is they all hurt me severely.
I take the cane and hand it to the Head. I am told to move into the centre of the room and to stand to attention with my hands by my sides. I am then told to keep my legs straight and to 'touch my toes'. This I quickly do. With me in this uncomfortable position I am told that I am to receive 'six of the best' and that I am not to move until told I can do so. Failure to comply with this will mean extra strokes. I am also told that I must thank the Head after each stroke and count the number. I am asked if I understand and I mutter 'yes'.
Picture the scene. A 16 year old boy dressed in only a thin pair of white shorts bent over touching his toes about to receive a 'six of the best ' caning. From the corner of my eye I see the Head raise the cane high into the air. I take a deep breath and close my eyes tight shut. Seconds later I hear 'thwack' and feel instant severe pain across my bottom. I manage to whisper 'one thank you for caning me'. The Head says he can't hear me so I repeat it in a slightly louder voice. Within seconds I receive stroke two. Again the pain is intense and I say 'two thank you for caning me'.
For the next few minutes I suffer serious pain and don't know how I manage to stay touching my toes. After stroke six I say 'six thank you for caning me Headmaster'. I then start to stand up straight. The Head shouts at me and says was I given permission to stand up? Before I can answer I am to go back down. The Head then says that stroke six doesn't count since I stood up without permission. He then canes me a seventh time and again I say 'seven thank you for caning me' but this time I stay bent over. Finally I am then told I can stand up and return to the annexe room to dress.
I return to the Heads study and am then told to go to my normal classes. This is a maths class and the teacher asks where have I been? I tell him but he says that has got nothing to do with him and that I am disrupting his class. He orders me out to the front of the room and I notice he has a slipper in his hand. I start to protest but am quickly told to shut up. IF I don't I am told I will be taken me back to the Head for the cane. The teacher orders me to bend over his front desk so that everyone can get a good view of the 'slippering' I am about to get. I ask how many smacks I am to receive and he tells me I am nine minutes late and will therefore receive nine smacks. I am now totally defeated and say nothing. For the next few minutes I receive the slipper nine times. I have had the slipper before from this teacher and it didn't use to hurt much but as I am being hit across the same area to where I have just been caned it hurts lots. After this spanking I am told to sit down in my seat that I find to be very painful but do as ordered.

I arrive home that evening and at the table there are my mum, dad, older brother plus his girlfriend. My dad asks if I was given six of the best with the cane and I say yes. Did it hurt which seemed a daft question but I said 'yes'. My dad ends by saying I got what I deserved and it could have been worse - I could have been expelled. I didn't think this needed a response but noticed that they were all smiling at my embarrassment and that ends what had been a very unpleasant day. What I did not do for the rest of my school life was play truant again!! ✦

Jonathan
2001

From The Study



The caning was harsh, but precisely controlled. The Headmaster delivered the third stroke and stood back, breathing heavily.

Jon, kneeling over the punishment stool with shirt pulled up and both trousers and pants down by his ankles, sobbed tearfully. The boy's bottom was a fiery red, with three harsh red/blue weals across it.

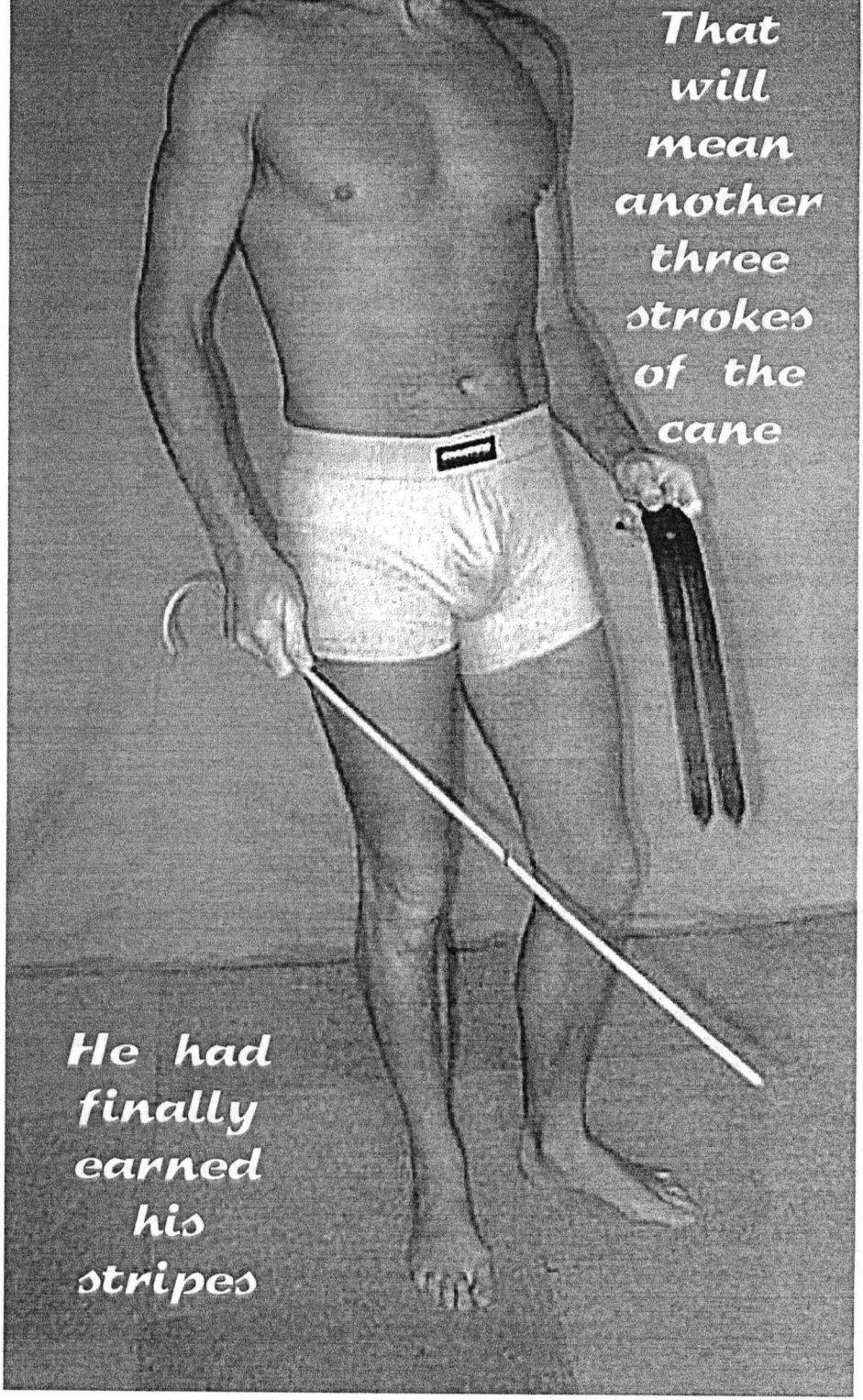
"Well, Jon?" he asked. "I know Kevin was responsible. I just want you to admit it."
Jon could say nothing. He continued to cry, his body shaking slightly with the sobs.
The Headmaster sighed. "This ridiculous code of schoolboy honour no doubt," he said, mopping his brow with his handkerchief. "If you refuse to co-operate, I will have to assume you accept full responsibility yourself. That will mean another three strokes from the cane."
Jon tried to stifle his sobs, but did not say anything. The cool air of the Headmaster's study against his naked buttocks was his only relief from the fierce, burning pain.
The Headmaster stepped forward again, and sighed. "Very well," he said with a resigned tone.

The next three blows were even more painful than the first three, and by the end, Jon was crying with deep, heaving sobs that wracked his body. The Headmaster stood back, and examined the marks that his punishment had inflicted, regaining his composure after the exertion of applying the caning. "I hope it's worth it, Jon," he said quietly to himself.
The school nurse was standing impassively against the wall, watching the proceedings with a casual indifference. The Headmaster glanced at the nurse, and motioned at Jon. "Make sure he's alright, then take him back to his dormitory," he said gently.

With a brisk, professional air, the nurse helped Jon readjust his trousers & underwear, tucked in his shirt and led him out.

Back in his dormitory, Jon lay face down on his narrow uncomfortable bed, and buried his face in the pillow to hide a fresh flow of tears. The other boys in the room gathered around in hushed expectation. Jon knew exactly what they were waiting to see. He pulled his shirt up awkwardly, then pulled down his trousers, exposing his underpants. He then hooked his thumbs into the waistband and pulled the thin garment down to the top of his thighs, grimacing in pain. As one, the other boys drew in their breath at the neat set of fresh, angry red marks that lined his pale buttocks. Six parallel lines, with only a hairline gap between each, seemingly etched into his flesh.

"There," he said in a strangely flat voice, "satisfied?" Kevin knelt down by the bed, and put his arm around Jon' shoulders, to give him a hug. There would be no more teasing, no more spiteful practical jokes. At last, Jon had been accepted by the rest of the boys. He had finally earned his stripes. ▣


That will mean another three strokes of the cane
He had finally earned his stripes

On The Job Training

The phone rang. It was Jim, Director of Marketing, asking me if I had finished my report.
"I'm just printing it now. I'll bring it by your office in a few minutes."
Jim responded, "OK, but let's hurry up. It's nearly 8 o'clock and I want to get home."
Although I didn't report directly to Jim, he oversaw the entire marketing and product marketing teams. I had been in his group for nearly half a year and Jim had given me the opportunity even though I lacked both experience and industry knowledge. Although Jim and my manager Bob were helpful, it was strictly OTJ -- on the job training.

I was working on a competitive analysis for our key product. I had told Jim it would be completed nearly a week ago and he was getting impatient. He questioned me morning and afternoon about its completion and I kept telling him that it was nearly complete. This morning, I had told him I would be finished today.
This was the first project I had been personally assigned without any other team members. I had absolutely no idea how to research the competitors, what product features to compare or even what the format should be of my report. Both Jim and Bob had asked me numerous times if I needed any assistance, and I turned them down each time. This past week I had realised that my report was going be anything but brilliant; it had become obvious that I was in over my head.
Even though I had only been in this department for the better part of six month's, I had been employed with the company of over three years. Jim and I had become pretty good friends outside of the office. During lunch, we often played squash and after office hours with other co-workers, we hung out at the local bar for a beer or two. We were close in age; he was only three years older and similar in physical appearance.
I had invited him and his wife to my wedding this past year. I never abused our friendship and during office hours, it was clearly an employee/manager relationship. As a matter of fact, on my last review, he had nearly put me on probation. He had said that my work was suffering and that I wasn't spending enough time learning the products or industry I was assigned. Later that night after the review while the two of us had a beer, he said that he would help me.
This report was to be my shining night. It was to prove to him and the group VP that I was the right person for the job and that my probation should be lifted.
Although the report lacked content, I included numerous charts, graphs and other information not pertinent to the report.
I knocked on his office door. "Jim, I have the report. Want me to leave it in your in-box?"
"Hey there Brian. No. I promised Pat (Vice President) I would have this to him tomorrow. Let me review it then you can make additional copies and distribute them."
I walked in, handed him the report and sat down. Jim took the report and began walking back and forth behind his desk while he read the report. I could see in his eyes that he was not happy. On a couple of occasions I saw clench his teeth and slowly nod his head back and forth.
"'Oh, boy," Brian thought, 'I'm in for it now!'

I could see that Jim was getting upset. He turned page after page and his appearance went from confused to pissed off. He took the report and threw it on his desk in disgust. He turned with his back to me and looked out his window. I sat there not sure what I should say.
"Jim." I said. "I spent a lot of time working on this report."
Jim raised his voice "I can't give this to Pat! It's very weak in content and besides I'll get reamed for it as well. What have you been doing the past few weeks? Why didn't you come to us for help?"
"I thought everything was going ok."
"Brian... I know we are friends and I don't want to say this, but I think you are in over your head. I'm sure Pat is going to recommend that you be transferred back to customer support (which was the worst job in the or maybe even terminated."
Shit! I looked at Jim in disbelief. His back was still to me as he was still staring outside.
"Jim, you know how much I need this job. I just got married and bought a house."
"I know you did." He said as he turned to me.
"What if I work all night and have it ready for your review tomorrow morning... tell me where I can improve."
Jim started getting furious again and screamed; "Why didn't you let us help you when we asked? Isn't it kind of late now?"
That caught me off guard. "I know, I know, I'm sorry. I'll do whatever I can to get the job done."
Jim glared over at me. He took his hand and started rubbing his chin slowly. "Well, I'll tell you what. You have a few choices and it's up to you to make a decision and live my it."
"I'll do anything as long as I'm not fired. Please, you've got to help me Jim."
"You've got to understand that what you did was wrong and when you make mistakes, you have to pay for them. It's obvious one of those choices is that Pat may ask me to fire you. The other choice is that you work all night and get this report into something that will be acceptable. Of course that means I'll have to help you."
I started to smile, "Jim, I told you, I'll do whatever it takes. I really appreciate this and thanks for helping me."
"Wait a minute. You still have to understand what you did was wrong and there are repercussions to what you did. My night is shot and you should have realised that you needed help all along."
"You are absolutely right Jim and I'll never let this happen again. I'll definitely re-pay you back for all of your help."
"You don't need to re-pay me. But there is something else."
"Sure Jim, whatever you want." I said curiously.
"Well, growing up my father was a very fair, but stern man. He used to help me whenever I needed it, but if I screwed up and hadn't asked for his help, well, he would give me a reminder every so often.
I was really uneasy at Jim's words. What do he mean by a reminder? It was quiet for a moment. Jim was sitting at his desk with his hands folded and his face resting on top of them. He looked at me and I looked down at the floor. I was still trying to understand what he meant by that.
"I had certainly had my share of beatings during my life, all of them from my dad when I deserved them. You need to be reminded that I'm here to help you and if you don't ask for my help and you screw up then I need to give you something that will serve as a reminder," said Jim.
It was quiet again. What was Jim telling me? Why would he tell me about his father spanking him? We just stared at each other for a moment while I tried to understand this discussion.

Finally, the silence was broken. Jim stood up and picked up his chair and moved it to the centre of his office. I watched him, but still didn't understand what his intentions were. He looked over at me and said, "the something from my father that was a reminder to me was an over-the-knee spanking."

I looked at Jim in disbelief and shock. What the hell was he talking about? I was 28 years old and had never been spanked once in all of my life. Heck the only thing I knew about a spanking was that I had seen my friend spanked on a couple of occasions when I was younger, but it was quick and didn't seem to be too painful. His father had beaten his backside fifteen times or so and it was always on his trousers.

Jim sat down. He looked over at me and said, "By the way, you will need to lower your trousers to your ankles - better yet, just take them off."

I was shocked at those words! But how could a 28 year old, about to get his bottom thrashed for the first time in his life, NOT feel terribly embarrassed and uncomfortable at the thought that I might soon be screaming and crying like a little baby!

Jim sat there and looked at me and said sternly, "Now."

I still was flabbergasted by these comments. I was trying to understand everything that was said in the past five minutes. Jim wanted me to drop my trousers, lay across his knees and be spanked like a ten year old???

"But Jim, I'm 28 years old and you're not my father." I said.

Jim looked over at me and said, "Like I said earlier, you have two choices, either hand this report in as is and take Pat's consequences, which may be your job or be spanked by me and take it like a man and then I'll help you finish the report tonight."

"And your really going let me have it?" I asked still in disbelief.

"Sure it's humiliating to you, but in your heart you know it's for your own good," said Jim.

I had been standing in front of Jim, hands behind my back listening to him as he laid out the rules. I was now bent over taking off my shoes. Setting them neatly to the side I stood and unfastened my belt unbuttoned my trousers and unzipped them. I looked at Jim, he motioned with his finger down and lay them on my shoes. I took them off and folded them neatly and placed it on top of the shoes as had been directed me. I was standing in my socks, white cotton Calvin's and my shirt and tie.

I looked at Jim imploringly as I stood there in my white briefs, vainly hoping that he would spare me the indignity of getting an over the knee spanking.

"Come on Brian. Over my lap. Let's get started. "

As I turned around, walking toward Jim seated in the chair, I was mortified with humiliation. I kept my eyes down towards the floor. I placed myself over his lap. Jim shifted my weight carefully. He positioned me across his knee making sure that my bottom was upturned and that my legs were not touching the floor. He seemed to be taking his time getting my bottom in just the right position for the spanking. I felt totally awkward yet the position I was in, I was totally at his mercy.

"Now the only rule I have during the spanking is no trying to cover your backside. You can hold onto the chair leg if necessary but never interrupt me during the spanking."

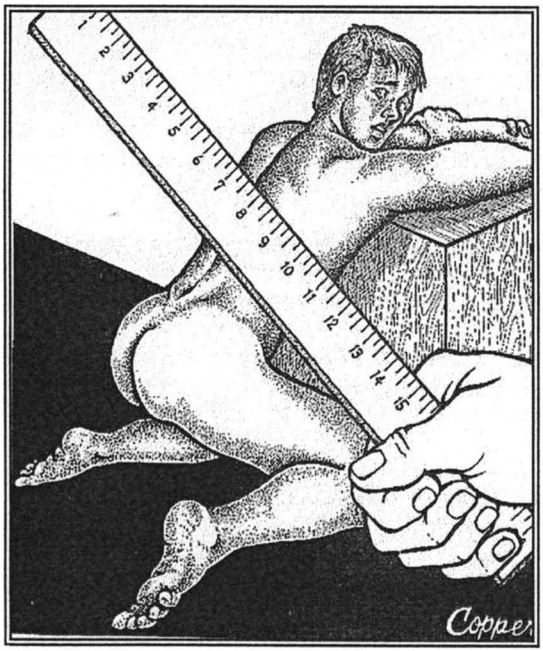
Then Jim didn't say a word. He started spanking my bum, alternating cheeks with each stroke. I was hoping my briefs would neutralise some of the pain - they didn't.

SMACK! The first spank landed on my upturned bottom. I jerked in surprise.

SMACK! SMACK! The second and third landed just as hard. I vowed to myself that I wouldn't scream no matter how much it hurt. The spanking continued, it seemed that Jim brought his hand down harder each time. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

All of those blows were applied most vigorously. After the first five or so spanks I could feel it beginning to hurt.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! After the next five, I started to squirm a little but Jim held me firmly in place.
SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! After the next five I was trying to bite my lip, but I was saying "Owww" and began whimpering to myself. Yet, I wouldn't give Jim the satisfaction that it really hurt like hell.
SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!
SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! He brought had hand down faster and harder then before. I tried to hold it in. I gritted my teeth, until finally...
"Please Jim, no more, it hurts!" I pleaded. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry!!"
SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! I know Jim heard me, I continued to plead but the heat that Jim was applying on my bum was too much. I started to cry although I hid it from Jim.
SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! Jim was spanking me full force now. Not a square inch of my backside was not being neglected.
Jim stopped. I thought to myself, "that wasn't as bad as I expected". My arse was stinging and I was embarrassed, but I thought I handled it pretty good. As I attempted to get up, Jim placed his left hand on my back and held me down firmly. He placed is fingers under the elastic waistband of my white cotton briefs.
"What the...."
Oh my God, I thought as I felt his hand reach for the waistband of my briefs. He slowly pulled them down past my knees, past my ankles and finally off. I was lying over Jim's knees wearing nothing but my shirt and tie.
"A spanking isn't a spanking until you are completely bare."
He re-positioned me by pushing me forward so that I needed to place both of my hands on the floor to prevent me from falling. My bottom was positioned high. There was absolutely no way that I could reach back and prevent him from spanking me. Finally Jim pulled my shirt up to give himself complete access to my already stinging backside.
This time, Jim changed how he spanked me. None of this alternating cheeks. Oh no, he chose a spot right in the middle of my right cheek. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!
SMACK! The next one came and I cried out in shock. Not only had I had never been spanked before, but I had never even seen anyone spanked bare-bottomed in my life. Jim was a strong man with a very powerful hand and he meant business.
I couldn't believe there was as big of a difference between Jim's hand on the thin cotton of my briefs and my bare bottom. Each new blow was an explosion of burning pain.
Before Jim had applied ten good stinging blows my arse felt like it was on fire, I was pleading for Jim to stop and I was starting to really squirm. About ten more and I wasn't keeping my backside in position. I was trying, at least to get Jim to put some strokes in another spot. Jim pulled me more firmly around the waist and said, "Keep that arse still and stick it up in position if you know what is good for you." I gritted my teeth as I stuck my burning rear up in the air for more.
By about forty spanks on the same spot, I was crying and kicking uncontrollably. Jim finally stopped and switched to my left cheek. He found one spot and started spanking me again.
SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!
Again, he continued bringing his hand down on the same spot over and over.
The pain was intense. I was crying uncontrollably and begging Jim to stop. Once he finally stopped, I just lay there over his knees trying to gain my composure. I couldn't believe the pain!
It seemed like forever before he started again, but then I realised that he was grabbing a wooden ruler from his desk.



"Jim, your not going use that r-r-ruler on me are you???" I mumbled with a lot of anxiety.
"You've got to learn a lesson tonight that I don't want you ever to forget."
"No way are you using that thing on me, Jim," I said in a voice that had the slightest waver to it.
"Want a bet?" Jim said as he picked up the wooden ruler.
"I have already learned my lesson Jim. I promise never to put you into this position again. Please Jim, stop, I've had enough." I begged.
"Well, I hope I never have to put YOU in this position again." laughed Jim.
Jim brought the ruler down on my cherry-red backside. CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! I tried holding it in, but I was howling in pain, I knew better than to ask Jim to stop. I made the decision and asked for it, and was only getting what I deserved.

I gritted my teeth as I stuck my arse up in the air for more. Jim continued to bring down the wooden ruler hard again and again onto my burning backside. CRACK!! CRACK!!

" O W O O W " was the understandable response as stinging wood struck an already red and aching bottom. I jumped again, but Jim held me tightly.
CRACK!! CRACK!!
"EEEEOOOWWWW!", I screamed as the ruler struck my bare backside.
CRACK!! CRACK!! CRACK!! CRACK!!! CRACK!!!! Jim put extra effort into the last five. My poor bottom was already on fire, but those last few made it feel like I was sitting on a hot plate. At first I didn't realise that Jim had stopped because he was still holding me in place and I couldn't even rub my burning backside. Slowly I got my crying under control. Jim allowed me to stand up. I wiped the tears out of my eyes and looked sorrowfully up at Jim.
Jim tossed me my cotton briefs. He moved a chair next in front of his computer and told me to sit down so that we could finish the report.

Later, as I walked out to my car and realised it was nearly 3am, I couldn't believe that I had to sit on a hard, wooden chair in nothing but my cotton briefs and work for six hours finishing my report. My backside was still feeling the effects of that spanking, but I was glad to know that my job was safe. That wasn't the only spanking I ever received from Jim, but as least I knew what to expect the next time. ◈

Dr. Stern's Letterbox

May 2001

Dear Dr. Stern,

I am far from sure that you will be able to help me with my question but I thought I'd have a go and if nothing else your gruff tone when responding to readers is always entertaining.

I am a giver, mainly of spankings but also like to cane a nice bottom from time to time. I am also a better than average carpenter. I have made my own caning bench and a rack to hang my implements on. I am now thinking more ambitiously and although I have no engineering skills I am wondering whether it would be possible to build a "spanking (or a caning) machine".

By this I mean a mechanical or electrical device that could be coupled with my bench to administer smacks or strokes to the backside of a person suitably positioned and secured. I've become very taken with the idea and wondered if you had ever come across such a device or alternatively had any notions of what definitely does not work as this information would be almost as useful as a blueprint for a machine that does do the job.

I also thought it might amuse your readers to ponder the possibilities of such a device.

Regards,

B. Jacobs (N.W. London)

Dr Stern replies;

Ah, that old chestnut, the automated punishment machine! Well, well, well.

I'm sorry if it disillusions you but many people have turned their thoughts to such a machine in the past, your idea is far from original, though of course that does not mean your design for one cannot be original.

As my knowledge of, and frankly, interest in all things mechanical is minimal, rather than attempt to advise you as to the engineering aspects of your proposed machine, I shall concentrate initially on the question; why make one at all?

I ask this question because frankly, whilst it may well be possible to create an automaton that effectively delivers a leather, wooden or rattan implement repeatedly to a pair of buttocks carefully positioned and held still in that position, I cannot for the life of me imagine it giving the builder of it the same satisfaction as taking that same errant young man across his knee or putting him over the desk and delivering that same punishment in the time honoured manner, slowly, firmly and with all the skill and enthusiasm which only an inspired human disciplinarian can bring to the task.

There is also the very real danger of any homemade machine going out of alignment or worse still running amok, either of which could do untold damage to the tethered receiver before you were able to bring things to an emergency stop.

I am sorry to sound so negative but I think the notion of spanking and thrashing machines is an entertaining one but an idea that should remain in the realm of fantasy.

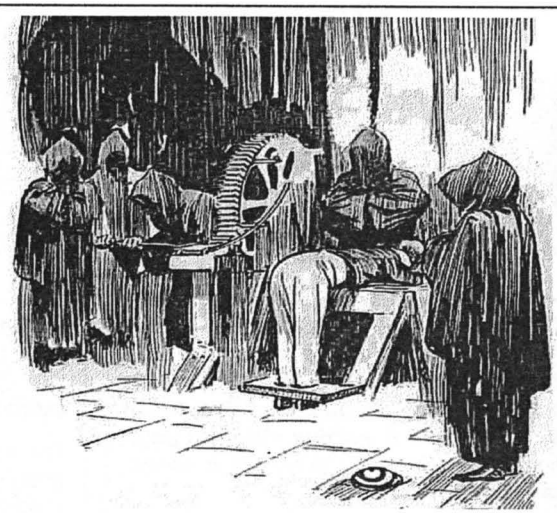
I do agree that there is a certain entertainment value in imagining how such a device might look and perform it's task, so to amuse my readers I shall show you a few sketches of spanking machines.

Before doing so let me round off my reply by taking exception to your reference to my "gruff tone" in my replies. I am never gruff, merely authoritative. You make me sound like a male version of that appalling redheaded female on the television who is not merely gruff with her invited quiz show guests, she is quite intolerably rude.
If she were a young man I should enjoy seeing her put over her self-important lectern and soundly caned in front of the studio and television audience.

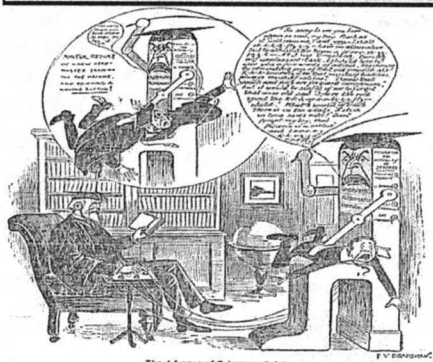
However, as she is a mere female and as such unworthy of corporal punishment, she should simply be removed from her podium with haste and sent to make tea and sandwiches for the guests she insults, a role altogether more suitable for an insolent uppity female. On the subject of this particular harridan I admit I am distinctly gruff!

Enjoy the spanking machines.

Dr. Stern



A depressing sight met Skimpole in the Birching-room. A number of fellows were fixed in pillories, and were yelling with pain as the electric birches smote them.



The Advance of Science and Art.

The Old Umbrella Shop

Ever since leaving school I had been fascinated by the subject of corporal punishment. Often at school I had been one of the boys on their way to the headmaster and housemasters studies, nether regions dressed only in our white PE shorts to receive our cuts, enthusiastically meted out under the strict regime of corporal punishment that the school embraced.

I had delivered (and received) informal punishments in the changing rooms with a gym shoe and a leather tawse we had managed to filch but I had never actually held a real punishment cane. In my quest to rectify this I started to search through educational journals both current and old until, with great excitement I found the advert I had been looking for.

> ***Canes supplied for use at school and home.***
> ***Efficacy guaranteed. All items tested prior to despatch.***
> ***Est. 1906.***

The address was listed. It was only a few weeks later that I was walking up and down the streets of London hoping to find out that the shop still existed and still supplied the advertised products. I had parked miles away and realised that there was not long before the shop closed. At almost running pace I arrived in the block where the shop should be. There it was, a very old fashioned looking shop full of umbrellas, walking sticks, and some equestrian supplies. With only minutes to spare I walked in hoping to spot a basket of canes. My heart pace quickened when behind to entrance door I spotted two tall baskets with a big notice pinned to them 'CANES'. I moved closer and started to notice that these although at first glance looked like punishment canes, were in fact far too thick. I picked one up and tried to imagine being caned with it. I selected another and another but this was not what I hoping to find. There were long straight ones with round ends and others that looked like walking sticks. I jumped when a voice from behind asked if I needed any assistance. I nodded and said that I was just looking. But the man continued "we do have smaller ones down stairs, is it for educational purposes?" I nodded and said hoarsely "Yes, educational supplies" at which he pointed to a small opening at the back of the store. Casually I moved over and when I though no one was looking I started to descend the narrow stairs.

This had to be it. Old black and white pictures adorned the walls of the stairs that lead down to a small basement room. Stern looking School Masters cane in hand with short thank you notes with quotes like - satisfactory results, top marks and the best quality product I ever used. Near the bottom start there was one picture of a boy in school shorts bending over the desk while a master rolled up his sleeve. Was this a posed picture or the real thing? I was still hot from running and aware that in ten minutes the shop was shutting. The room was small and was covered in an amazing selection of canes. All of them were placed horizontally on nails like tools neatly on display in the garage. There seemed to be four basic types available these being junior, intermediate, senior and not approved for scholastic use. Most of those were about four foot long. From nails, hung straps of differing lengths from the holes in the shaped, slightly padded, handles. The other ends were split, mainly into twos and threes with the odd non-split strap. All were frayed 'at the business end'. I ran my fingers over one where the stitching had split and the light brown leather of the grip was darker than the others. "Very popular that one Sir. Just the right length" I was startled by the voice which had arrived un-noticed. "Of course all those are demonstration models. You'd be getting a new one. Would you like to try it Sir?" I became flustered, mumbled something about later and started to examine one of the canes. The low prices surprised me as I realised I could

afford a selection with the relatively small amount of cash in my pocket. Again I was startled by the voice that had arrived un-noticed. If I wanted a selection then they did supply a general school selection box with six canes, two of each size. They named the product "six of the best". As time was now gone, without even seeing the product I removed the appropriate amount of cash from my wallet and handed it over. A stout cardboard box was then selected from behind the small counter. He opened the box, which to my surprise was empty. Moving over to the wall with the canes he started to select six canes. Each one he inspected, bent double then swished through the air. Only when he was happy that a good rod had been found, was it placed in the box. It was only when he finished doing this he informed me that I was also to receive a free genuine Scottish leather tawse like the one "you liked" he said. This he removed from a drawer in the small counter.

The time had now passed and it was obvious to me that the shop was now closed upstairs and I would soon be on my way having bought a box of canes that would probably never be used, but what a thrill it had been. I was quite stunned when, as I was about to be given my change and hand written receipt, I was asked if I had ever caned. I hesitated then rather clumsily replied that I had not, even though this was a lie. This seemed to be a problem. He continued to ask if I had ever been shown how to use a cane properly. Again I had to answer no. After looking at his watch another drawer was opened and he removed, what looked like a form. He continued to tell me that they had a policy that anyone administering punishment using their products should do so only when they knew how to correctly, and were aware what it is like at the receiving end. They could arrange a lesson that would last about an hour. The charge was small and luckily he could fit me in at 19:15 that night if I was interested. At this he returned my money and put the box of canes back behind the desk. All I had to do was fill in and sign the request and consent form and return in an hour and a half, however before handing over the form he ticked most of the boxes of the boxes.

As soon as I had left the shop I opened to form to see what he had written. I was to be shown how to prepare a pupil and how to apply the cane and strap. Following that he had ticked the boxes requesting strokes with the strap, with the junior cane, the intermediate cane and the senior cane. Was I really going to go through with it. Finally I had to sign the consent section which informed me that for safety reasons restraints would be used during this exercise and that unless the operator believed there were medical reasons why the demonstration should be terminated, then the request would be administered in full. Before signing it should be accepted that full strokes only, would be given. I had to declare that I was medically fit. Suitable clothing would be made available. Height, weight, age and waist measurements were required. I paced the streets then with only five minutes to go I signed the form and headed back to the shop.

I thought at first that it was shut then I noticed a notice on the door. Training session - please use door at side of building. I followed the arrow to a door. As I opened it there was a loud ding signalling my entrance. Another notice told me to go through another door into a small waiting area. There was no one there so I sat down. Shortly a man, who I had not seen before, came in. He asked for the form without actually looking at me. He checked through it then disappeared returning a few moments later with the box of canes I had so nearly bought. He took my money and started to wrap the box with brown paper. He seemed to change his mind and, taking the box, he showed me to another door. Inside this room there was a small changing area. There were a number of pegs and on each one was a pair of thin white gym shorts. On another set of pegs were hanging jock straps. He removed one of these and told me I would need this first. I could leave my clothes over the chair, they would be quite safe. Before he left he removed a black gown from the back of the door and told me I could put that on whist I waited. He also to selected a pair of shorts, and told me to keep them for later.

I was soon stripped off and ready. I tried the shorts and they were a good fit if a little on the flimsy side. I put the gown on, tied the waistband and waited. There was a third door to this room, which now opened. Yet another person came in. This was a large fairly muscular man dressed in a white vest and tracksuit bottoms. On his vest were the words, "control at the flick of a switch" and a picture of a cane in motion. He beckoned me into the room. There in the middle was a substantial vaulting horse with a schoolboy mannequin, dressed in school shorts, in place. I was then given a quick lesson in preparation of the cane, pupil and how to run a complete punishment session. This included how and what to bend over and then how to raise the cane and give it a quick flick upwards before bringing it down with a crack. He used some chalk on the cane so I could see where my strokes had landed. Each one was supposed to land on the last. He showed me where the most sensitive spot was where the buttocks joined the top of the legs. All this time I was aware that I was only wearing a tight jock strap and itchy gown

This part of the demonstration was soon over and he informed me that I was now to take the gown off. I was glad to have the jock strap on as beneath it I was showing signs of the pleasure this lesson had given me. He undid the straps and asked me to help him move the mannequin, which was dumped rather unceremonially in the corner of the room. I got onto the horse and waited whilst the straps round my legs and arms were done up. My naked buttocks were now on display. The man disappeared out the room and returned with my form. He reminded me what I had consented to. I would receive the strap first, which in his words, would hurt less than I expected then I would have to go and change into the shorts as they did not allow the cane to be administered on bare flesh. Carefully he pulled the straps of my jockstrap well out of the target area and then examined the area carefully with his hand, just as he had told me to, and slapping. He tapped my bottom a couple of times with the leather strap before bringing down with an almighty crack. I winced with the pain, which was soon gone. The second stroke arrived quickly and I pulled tightly against the straps. The third arrived on the same place and I realised how the pain increased when the strokes landed on top of each other. The fourth stroke was almost unbearable but at least that bit was over. He then told me to go and change out the jockstrap and into the shorts.

Back in the changing room I looked at my reddened buttocks in a mirror obviously provided for this purpose. I removed the jockstrap and put it in a basket provided then put on the shorts. They were so thin the red area where the strap had landed could be seen and at the front it was obvious that I was still enjoying the experience, so I put the jockstrap back on. It was a number of minutes later that I was called back into the room. On a nearby table three canes awaited. I was reminded again on the finer details of how to administer the cane. The two strokes of the junior cane were applied without ceremony and stung but to a lesser amount that I had expected. I wondered if he had put his best into it. It was more or less the

same for the next size up although I did take a few seconds to recover from the sting. Then he picked up the senior cane. He informed me that this was the real thing, he wouldn't use anything else. This was to hurt a lot more that anything so far. He told me how I would feel the pain increasing after each stroke and he would time the strokes so the next stroke landed just as the pain had reached maximum from the last stroke. With his hand he felt for the crease at the top of my legs. He moved away a couple of paces then it started.
Swish - crack. He was really going for it now and I would have hit the roof if it wasn't for the fact that I was firmly strapped into position. The pain seemed to increase and increase. I tensed every muscle in my body and after a few seconds I started to feel the pain subside but he spotted the signs and the second stroke was on it's way. The fiery burn seemed to spread out from by buttocks to the whole of my body. I wanted it to stop but I knew he would not. I tried not to let on when the pain was subsiding but again his expertise told him exactly when to deliver the third blow.
That was only three and there was still three to go. I was completely focused on the pain. There was no letting up of the pain - no time to recover and the punishment seemed to be going on forever. At last I had reached the last stroke. I held on. He paused for a little longer. I could tell he wanted to make the last stroke the best as he moved back. With an almighty grunt he gave it his best and the cane landed exactly where he had intended. I froze to the form desperately waiting for the intense pain to pass. Slowly it began to ease. He then said, "I'm afraid you didn't obey my instructions. I can see that you still have your jockstrap on and for that I shall punish you" I saw him go to the table and open the box containing the canes I had bought. Out of it he took the tawse. He lovingly stroked the three tails of leather and flexed them between his hands. "I think it highly fitting that you should be punished for you disobedience by being the first to be beaten with these instruments. He rubbed my blazing backside through the thin cotton shorts with both his hands, having lain the tawse across my back. Although this renewed the pain in my buttocks I was glad of the massage as I had been aching to rub my tender bottom myself. His broad hands seemed to be expert in their task and after a few minutes of squeezing and gentle pinching of my backside and the weals which ridged it, the blazing pain had given way to a warm glow of pleasure and I quite looked forward to my imminent punishment. When the leather thongs of the tawse cut into my backside a few moments later it was quite a different matter. On top of my caning this was intense agony. The first few strokes were like white-hot brands being pressed into my buttocks. I clutched at the sides of the leather top of the vaulting horse and gave myself up to the punishment. Stroke after stroke of the strap lashed my bottom. Incredibly, the pain gave way to waves of pleasure and again I was glad of the restraining influence of the jockstrap. Eventually my punishment ceased. Both he and I were sweating. A further massaging of my beaten backside took place. Expert hands kneading, sliding up the back of my shorts and easing the pain into my bare buttocks between the jockstrap tapes. Then several hard slaps across the shorts and it was all over.

A couple of minutes later after he had cleaned the canes and the tawse and put them away, my bonds were loosened. He helped me up and directed me to the changing room. His parting words were "Leave the shorts in the basket, your canes are on the side, let yourself out. That was it. A few minutes later I had changed and on the desk was my box of canes and a small certificate indicating that I had completed a basic introductory course in the art of corporal punishment. There were several leaflets telling me how to look after the canes and some notes from the course explaining again some of the techniques used. I left the building painfully aware of the neat stripes that I was to sport for the next few weeks. One month later to the day I was back. I had to confess to my lie. ✱

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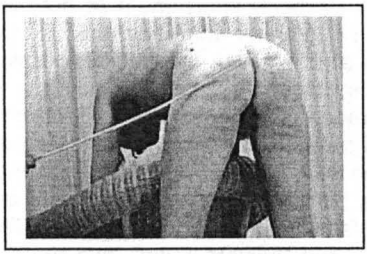

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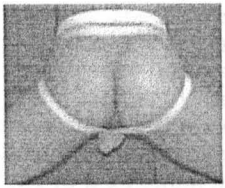

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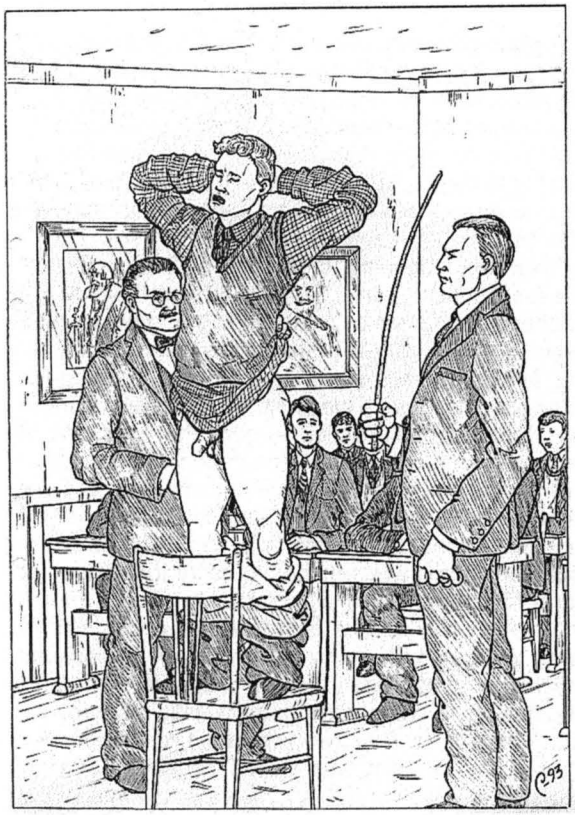
Tom Brown's Universe

The Development of Victorian Public Schools by J.R. de S. Honey

The use of corporal punishment was part of the fabric of nineteenth-century English education, not just in public schools but in all types of school. Only when a particular example of its being taken to excess came before them did the public take notice—as when in 1832 Dr Arnold gave a boy eighteen strokes for alleged lying (whereas his predecessor's maximum had been twelve, and that only for the greater offence of rebellion); to complicate the case, the "liar" turned out after all to be innocent. The birch was part of the standard equipment of the Victorian schoolmaster, as central to the work of teaching as is the textbook or the blackboard of today, and was used not just for naughtiness but also for faulty work—a wrong tense or even a false quantity. The headmaster of St Bees in the 1880s who might start off a lesson with a stroke of the cane all round the class—"to warm you up" was not necessarily distinguishable from his colleagues in elementary schools, except possibly for two factors. First, the punishments of heads of boarding schools were more remote from the scrutiny of parents; secondly, if the school was a public school or aped the institutions of the public schools, there was a second rung of caning power, in the hands of prefects, with a similar degree of protection from parental control. Corporal punishment at both levels of authority might be highly ritualised: it might also be informal and spontaneous. (Moss of Shrewsbury once gave a boy eighty-eight strokes at a flogging, but with deliberation, it is said, rather than with passion—and, amazingly, his governors upheld his action). At Eton Warre "used the birch rather as a symbol of disgrace than an instrument of torture but he used it nevertheless and with" all the awfulness of ceremony."" When Warre decided on a birching, one of the duty prefects was informed, and he would enrol two fags—among whom the task was apparently a popular one—to act as official "holders-down". These officiants waited outside the headmaster's room while Warre interviewed the victim. Then the headmaster emerged, and, followed by the victim, two "holders-down", two prefects, and finally the headmasters' clerk, processed solemnly to the sixth form room, where the clerk gave a birch to one of the prefects, who gave it to the headmaster. "The victim then made the necessary adjustments to his clothes, the holders-down held down, and the ceremony was consummated". Warre had the regrettable habit of administering a moral lecture afterwards, when the victim's intense desire was to be somewhere else. His Lower Master, the Rev. E. C. Austen-Leigh, nicknamed The Flea, was, by contrast, more straightforward in the execution of a duty which he gave every indication of enjoying:. . . at the appointed hour the Schoolyard, outside the Flea's operating chamber, was packed with a surging and expectant crowd, that must have resembled one of those at the old public hangings. After a brief interval, during which the Flea must have been squeaking out his accustomed formulas of "Breeng out the block!" "Hold him down!" "Leeft up his shirt!" the expected sounds began . . . And at each swish the whole audience outside intoned in grim unison *"One.' Two.'Three!*.. For preparatory school headmasters to fail to prepare boys for such established institutions of public school life would be* (Moss retired to the Herefordshire village of Much Birch."*) an obvious case of neglect, and we know that there were many prep. schools where the Eton treatment was imitated, with differences only of frequency or ferocity. At the well-known prep school headed by the Rev. H. W. Sneyd-Kynnersley (a product of Temple's Rugby), which was attended by the young Winston Churchill, the two senior boys were, as Roger Fry afterwards recounted, bound *ex officio* to assist at the executions' and hold down the culprit.



The ritual was very precise and solemn—every Monday morning the whole school assembled in Hall and every boy's report was read aloud: Alter reading a bad report from a form-master Mr. Sneyd-Kynnersley would stop and after a moment's *awful* silence say, "Harrrison minor you will come up to my study afterwards". And so afterwards the culprits were led up by the two top boys. In the middle of the room was a large box draped in black cloth, and in austere tones the culprit was told to takedown his trousers and kneel before the block over which Land the other head boy held him down. The swishing was given with the master's full strength and it took only two or three strokes for drops of blood to form everywhere and it continued for *if)* or 20 strokes when the wretched boy's bottom was a mass of blood. Generally, of course, the boys endured it with fortitude but sometimes there were scenes of screaming, howling and struggling which made me sick with disgust. ~The situation was similar at the aristocratic prep school at Wixenford for several decades from the 1860s onwards, where the second master, Mr. Dunbar, made himself responsible for all beatings, which were savage and frequent despite his "genuine fondness" for the boys, among whom he made great favourites. The young Curzon, who was one of them, left this account: He executed all or nearly all the punishments whether by spanking on the bare buttocks or by caning on the palm of the hand or by swishing on the posterior. I remember well all three experiences. He was a master of spanking, though he used to say that it hurt him nearly as much as it did us. I remember that it was at about the fifteenth blow that it really began to hurt and from thence the pain increased in geometrical progression. At about the 28th blow one began to howl. The largest number of smacks I ever received was I think Yet these rituals represented only a small part of a boy's liability to frequent corporal punishment, at least if he were at a public school, for, the prefect system also normally involved aright of corporal punishment, sometimes, in fact, when this was denied to assistant masters, and certainly there were many schools where boys could expect more beatings from prefects than from masters. At Radley, for example, the form of prefectorial "canings" or "swishings" had settled by 1890 into four categories, with graduated refinements of severity and for-mality.'25 This type of power in the hands of schoolboys could, and obviously often did, lead to abuse, in which younger boys, and especially new boys, were most commonly the victims. Sir Charles Oman afterwards described his first two weeks as a newly-admitted Scholar of Winchester: In a very few days I realised that I had chanced into the middle of a perfect nightmare of

thoughtless cruelty . . . This fortnight in the last days of October and the first of November 1872 has left on my memory the most perfect impression of long-continued terror that I have ever known. "A. A. Milne, who entered Westminster as a Scholar twenty years after this, lived in dread of the "ever-present threat of tanning by prefects": it was virtually impossible to live through a schoolday without infringing some petty regulation, all this producing an atmosphere poisoned by the constant liability to corporal punishment—"not the actual pain, but the perpetual fear of it". From time to time some scandal involving the cruelty of masters or prefects would break over the Victorian public (C.J. Vaughan had to defend his Harrow prefects in 1853 in the face of an outcry over the "whopping" of the Earl of Galloway's son for his insubordination to a prefect on the football field,") and the "reign of terror" which the young Charles Oman experienced at Winchester was soon exposed when the "great tunding row" broke out, after a boy of seventeen received from a prefect thirty cuts across his shoulders, in the course of which beating, five ground-ash sticks were broken. "A deluge of angry letters" for several weeks in the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* led (o the exposure of numerous such cases, and Ridding was forced to take action to curb the excesses of prefectorial caning. Periodically there were still worse cases in Victorian boarding schools," even involving on occasion the deaths of pupils, and from time to time complaints against schoolmasters, sometimes leading to court cases, reminded the public of the brutality which seemed to be an inevitable feature in such institutions. One' of the most valued members of the Marlborough staff, a pupil of Wilkinson and Cotton who returned to serve the school (or nearly forty years, was nearing the end of his career when a doctor parent laid a formal complaint against him before the governors. Not only had he damaged this doctor's son's ear-drum by boxing his ears, but he was charged with being guilty of a long-continued course of personal violence on boys with whom lie had been brought in contact during his mastership". Fortunately the Rev.J. S.Thomas could counter the small quantity of evidence from former pupils or their parents with letters from over two hundred Old Marlburians "testifying deep affection and respect", and the incident was closed by his "voluntarily pledging himself never to strike any boy again with his hands"—a resolve which must have been strengthened when the boy, who was apparently delicate, died a year later. Cases of this kind came to light because of palpable injury or the watchfulness of parents, but the latter was largely in-operative during term-time and certainly did not help the un-fortunate new boy (a parson's son) at Winchester in 1872, for whom tills was the first taste of any kind of schooling, after earlier education at home. His fourteen beatings in his first fortnight for his failure to cope with the orders of his fagmasters rendered his body "a really dreadful criss-cross of blue and black weals. In general, the system of brutality in boarding schools was protected by the "taboo which every boy would have died rather than break, akin to that which prevents even a mortally wounded gangster from informing on his killer" (as an Etonian of the 1890s later put it). Add to this the dislike of being thought a coward or a cry-baby, and the further fact that insofar as such terrors could be represented as an inevitable part of the *s*ystem~ it was not very profitable to the individual to complain—then their persistence and their generality are easy enough to understand. Such disincentives protected not just cruel masters and prefects but also the ordinary bullying schoolboy who tyrannised his weaker peers. The prevalence of bullying varied widely, but it was known to be a regular hazard of public-school life, and in some schools at some periods it was rife. This may to some ex-tent have been a function of the closeness of boy-master relations: a vigilant house-tutor could soon spot and put down the excesses, which the boys themselves would never normally report. At Charterhouse in the 1890s, for example, where the housemaster might have little contact with his boys beyond taking evening prayers, employed no junior colleague as house tutor to help him, and left all to his prefects, school rules laid down solemnly that every boy had the right to appeal to his housemaster, thus

offering theoretical protection against prefects or lesser bullies. But this right was never exercised, and, says one observer, if it had been, "the final result would probably have been calamitous"; removal of the victim from the school was virtually the only remedy. The future Lord Berners, who had seen no point in complaining to his parents against the excesses of a sadistic prep school headmaster (around 1892), because "my complaints would probably have been discredited at the time, and led to further punishment", reports that a powerful schoolboy code operated against the "sneaks" who reported cases of bullying by schoolfellows to the masters. When confronted with these forms of brutality, how far were the Victorians able to identify, as we post-Freudians can, the elements of sadism and eroticism in such institutionalized cruelty? For Victorian prep schools and public schools must have been a paradise for sadistically inclined masters and boys. The prep-school headmaster around 1900 whom C. S. Lewis represents as making a small boy bend down at one end of a schoolroom and then taking a run of a room's length at each stroke of a merciless thrashing, is exonerated by Lewis from any erotic impulse and Roger Fry attempts to acquit the odious Mr. Sneyd-Kynnersley, who was "genuinely fond of boys and enjoyed their company", of being even "an unconscious Sodomite presumably the nearest Fry could get to identifying such a man's motive as erotic. But without benefit of Freud and of course without identifying these impulses in their precise terminology, Etonians of the 1890s appeared to be able to recognise their Lower Master as what one of them could later describe, as "a jolly old sadist, naked and unashamed", and the events in a number of Eton boarding houses as "a regular routine of sadistic orgies". And although he could not have analysed it in these terms in the 1870s, Charles Oman some sixty years later correctly identified the "wave of Sadism" which had" swept over" the Winchester prefects of 1872 as being, in some of them, what he called megalomania, in others "that same pleasure in inflicting pain which inspired the too-celebrated Marquis de Sade in the reign of Louis XV So regularly was recourse had to corporal punishment in Victorian schools, and so great the zeal which was expected of the performer, that its exercise must have accommodated a wide spectrum of motives and feelings. This will have included those who regarded the whole process with distaste or indifference; secondly, those who enjoyed the sensation of power or righteousness which it afforded—as was said of Benson of Wellington, "it was a treat to see the zealous satisfaction with which he chastised a boy caught out in a lie" and thirdly, those who derived even conscious erotic stimulus from beating, some of whom doubtless contrived as many opportunities as they could for indulging their passions. The system provided a cloak of respectability to these second and third categories, when in our own age their obvious motivation would have discredited the system of punishment itself. The only time the cloak was thrust aside, and the system thrown into disrepute, was when the sadistic punishments were accompanied by over erotic or indecent phenomena. Then, at least, the real nature of the punishment process was recognised for what it was. This was the case with, for example, the celebrated pioneer of the monitorial system, Joseph Lancaster, who earlier in the century had been removed from the control of the schools founded on his initiative, after complaints were proved against him that he used to flog his monitorial apprentices "for his amusement". It was the evidence, not of the floggings themselves, but of the erotic activities that accompanied them, which convinced Lancaster's colleagues that he was a "damnable beast. Men with similar impulses later in the nineteenth century had only to act with greater discretion to be regarded as strong and successful disciplinarians. Among the consequences of the system were products like the poet Swinburne, whose experiences at Eton in the 1840s left him with a life-long obsession with masochistic fantasies, many of them centred around the flogging-block at his old school. It was presumably the predilections of such products of English schools that helped to fasten upon sado-masochistic practices, at least across the Channel, the name Le vice anglais. ◆

From a reader in New Zealand

(A true story - only the names have been changed).

I attended a traditional boys' school in the decade after the second world war. The masters were mostly returned servicemen who were determined to toughen my generation up - ready for the next global conflict.

700 boys attended my school. Discipline was maintained by frequent use of three foot lengths of rattan. My first experience was as the result of a misunderstanding. A prefect called Townsend reckoned he'd caught me talking in assembly the previous day. The head prefect was a senior called Barclay. He was the Captain of the Rugby XV and powerfully built. Townsend reported my 'offence' to Barclay. School had finished for the day but half a dozen prefects still lounged in easy chairs in their common room. I thought I had the perfect alibi and piped up that on the morning in question I'd had a dental appointment in town.

Barclay thought that a poor excuse and Townsend was angry at me questioning his word. Curtains were drawn to prevent passers-by from seeing the ritual. Barclay selected a cane and I was told to bend over and grip a radiator pipe for support.

My stomach lurched with fear but I did as I was told. Barclay inspected his target, my taut bottom tightly encased in its uniform shorts. Then he thrashed me - four good strokes.

When the cane connected with the tightly stretched fabric it sounded like rifle shots. Narrow bars of white-hot flame scorched my very tender rump. The beating seemed to last forever but was probably all over in less than a minute. I left that common room with my backside on fire.

Slowly I made my way home. I checked my bum in the bathroom mirror and admired the four raised welts. The surrounding flesh was already starting to bruise. Next day at lunch time as was the custom I swam naked in the school pool. My backside was all the colours of the rainbow and much admired by some of the other lads. One senior boy took me aside for a private viewing but apart from cupping each swollen cheek in his big hands and fingering the weals for some minutes he did not take advantage of my innocence.

I was a frequent visitor to that prefects' common room. While my peers picked up paper in the quadrangle, I bent over for Barclay. My bum attracted his cane like a magnet. Oddly, I was not in the least put out by this even though he usually gave me six, as hard as he could lay them on. The pain was frightful while he was doing it to me and my rear throbbed painfully for ages afterwards. He was very matter of fact about caning me. The other prefects in the common room looked on. I tried not to react but tears always flooded my eyes.

Barclay went out of his way to speak to me whenever our paths crossed at school and even in the town, which was most unusual, senior boys being like gods. I was flattered by Barclay's friendliness towards me and regarded the sore bottoms he gave me as the price of our friendship.

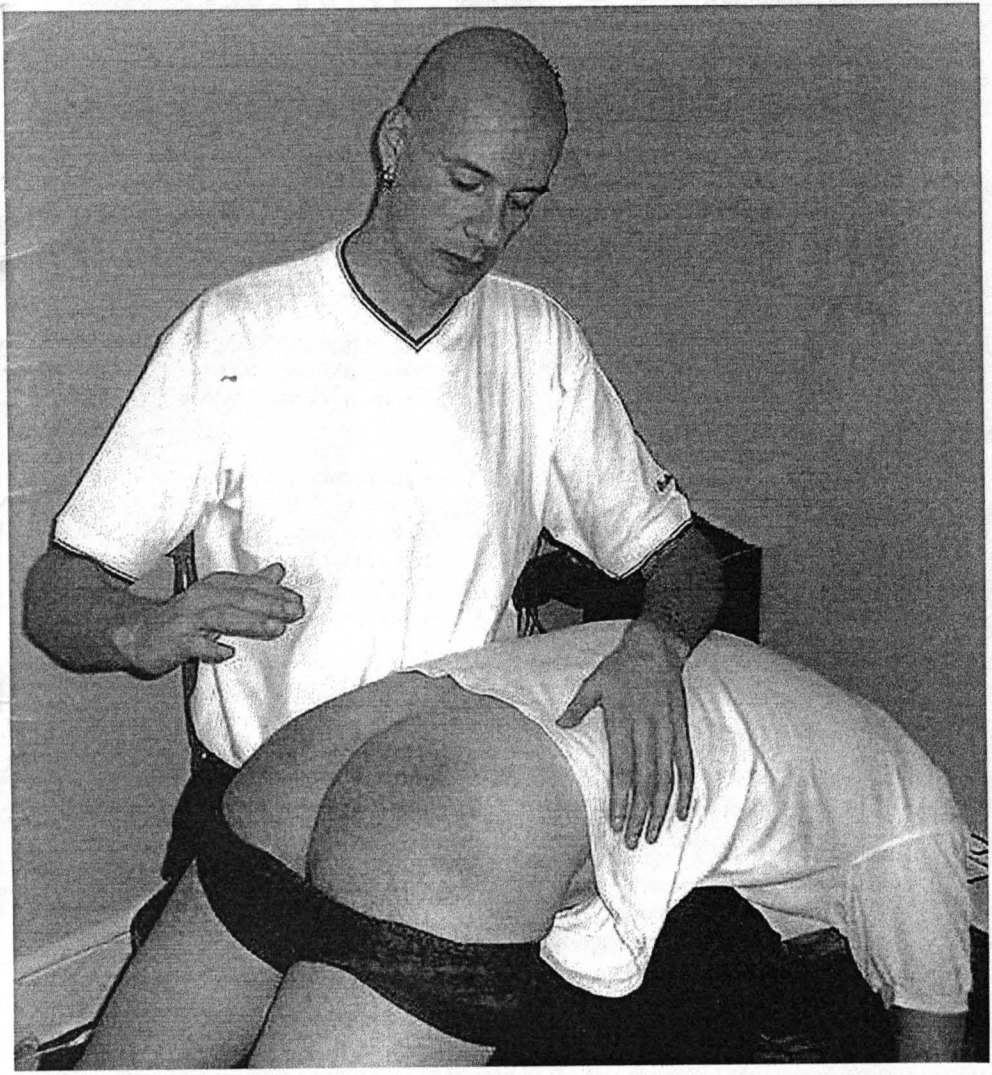
Did our head prefect who was already as big as a man see me as a troublemaker who needed frequent hidings or did he just fancy the shape of my rump?

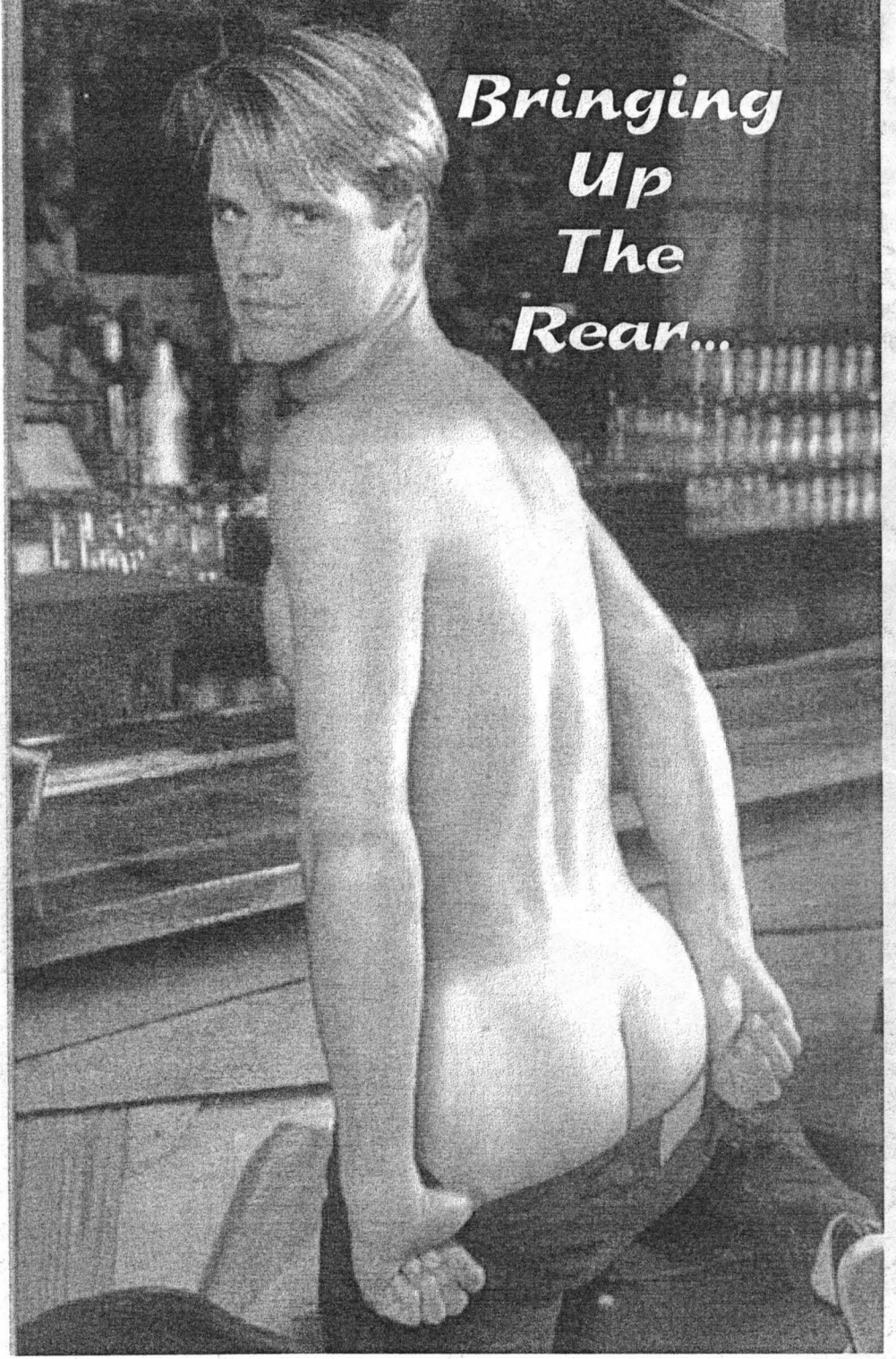
Years later my older sister confessed that she'd met Barclay

at a school dance and told him what a little brat I was – growing up without a father to guide me, Dad having been killed in the war. The burly prefect promised Sis he would look out for me and that he most certainly did.

Greg

A full length story from Greg next month....

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Rear...

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✂----------

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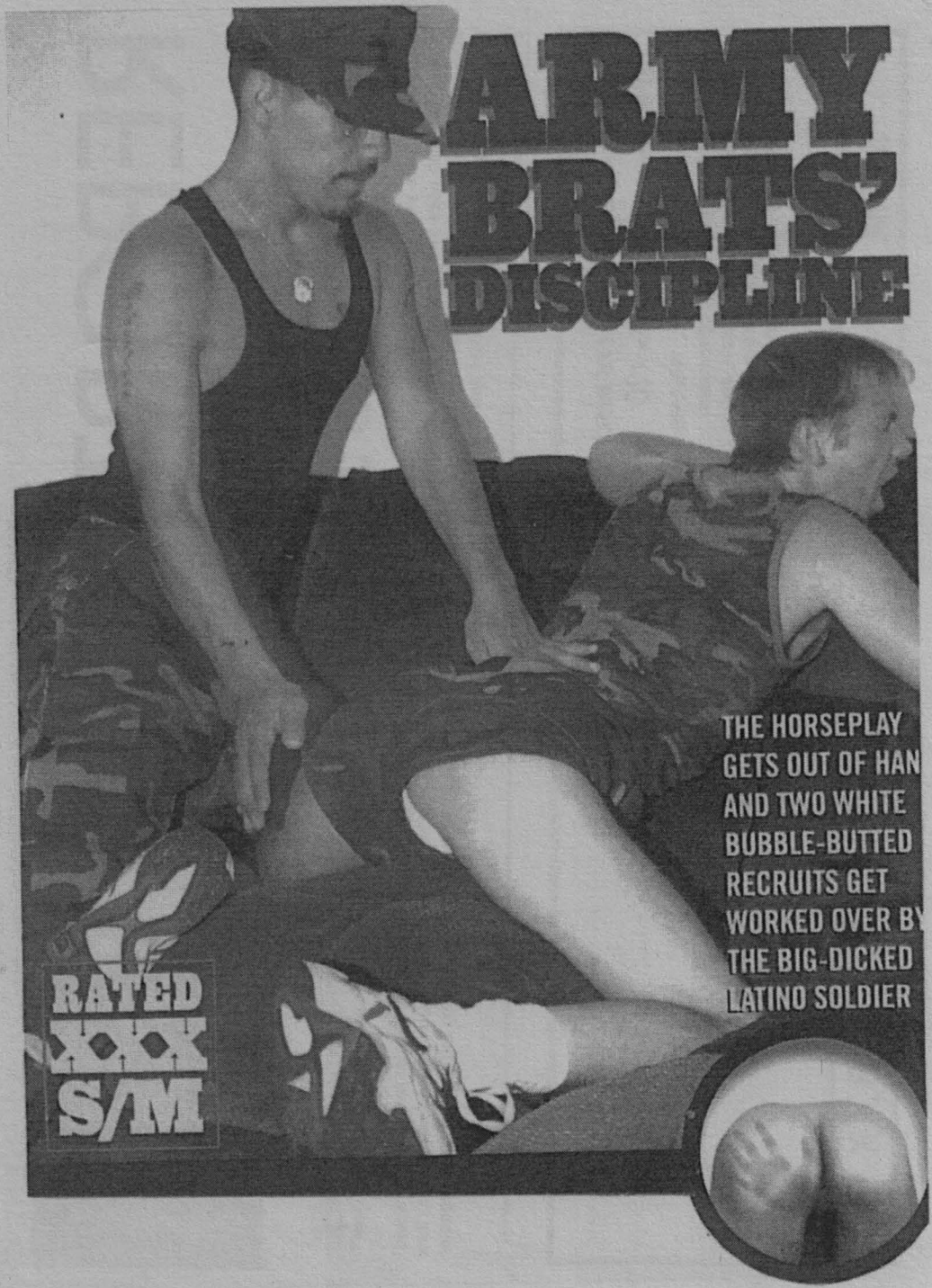
ARMY BRATS' DISCIPLINE
THE HORSEPLAY GETS OUT OF HAN
AND TWO WHITE BUBBLE-BUTTED RECRUITS GET WORKED OVER BY THE BIG-DICKED LATINO SOLDIER
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